The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE.
ADAM HOY.
[Subject to the decision of Dem. Judicial Conference.]

FOR CONGRESS.
ANDREW G. CURTIN.
[Subject to the decision of Dem. Congr. Conference.]

For Associate Judge—Chester Munson.
For Assembly—Leonard Rhone, John A. Woodward.
For Sheriff—Miles Walker.
For Prothonotary—Robert G. Brett,
For Treasurer—Charles Smith.
For Register—James A. McClain.
For Recorder—Frank E. Bible.
For Commissioners—A. J. Greist, John Wolf.
For Auditors—Solomon Peck, J. N. Dinges.

Ben's musings: Just think what I might have been had I not been Ben B.

In the Huntingdon and Franklin district there is a dead-lock in the Republican senatorial conference.

The Vermont election with only 20,000 Republican majority, did not take the chill out of the Blaine machine.

Dr. Beech was found guilty on Saturday of murder in the first degree. He killed his wife in Altoona several months ago.

The Huntingdon county Republican split has resulted in a fusion of one wing with the Demecrats on the county ticket.

Ben Butler has a half a dozen nominations for President, yet the cock eyed son of Massachusetts has not following enough to give him a decent burial in November.

There is no use in taking up space in this paper to oppose Ben Butler, he has no following in Centre county. The Prohibition candidate, St. John, will beat old Ben, and even he may be able to quench the thirst of his supporters with a gallon of cold water.

Every Democratic congress we have had cut down the expenditures 40 to 80 millions. Give the Democrats full power in the government and the expenses will be reduced until they come down to honest figures, and there will be an end to waste and extravagance.

Blaine was one of the stockholders of the original company which monopolized the coal business in the Hocking Valley of Ohio and brought about the oppression of the miners which led to the present strike. He is a noble citizen to *pose* as the special champion and protector of American Labor!

Gov. Hoadly, of Ohio, is a man of sense, judgment and mettle. When the labor disturbance in the Hocking Valley became formidable he boarded a train and moved to the storm centre. His presence has had a good effect. There has been no senseless slaughter of strikers by wild militiamen, and the troubles of the miners are now in a fair way to adjustment without bloodshed.

We think the Democracy of our county are in a good mood as to the prospects of the campaign. Cleveland and Hendricks have the most enthusiastic endorsement in our county. The Democrats upon the state and county ticket will have the full party vote, no doubt, and we look forward to an old-fashioned majority. Centre county tax-payers see the need of Reform, and at the November election they will vote very strongly in that direction.

R. G. Brett's nomination for Prothonotary gives the best satisfaction to Democrats, and his fitness for the place will secure him many votes from the Republican ranks. Bob has been a working Democrat all his life, standing by the party thro' sunshine and rain. He has a good character and is highly competent for the office. This is the kind of Democrats whom we should reward, and it was but an act of justice to nominate R. G. Brett.

The great and gifted John Logan is delivering addresses out west on "The Results of a Protective Tariff; or, Peace, Happiness and Plenty." If all the peace, happiness and plenty that we enjoy in this country is to be attributed to the system of protection, then how much more of the thing is necessary to establish an earthly paradise? Perhaps the peaceful and happy miners in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Alabama can answer the question.

STILL A-BOLTING.

Fifty-two Republicans in Winthrop, Mass., "believing that the nominations of Blaine and Logan were unfit to be made, and are unworthy to be supported," called a public meeting to be held at the town hall, when the political issues of the hour were to be discussed. These signers comprise about one half the Republican voters of the place.

The Independent Republicans have formed a State Committee in New Jersey, with W. G. Peckham, of Westfield, as Chairman. The Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the Independent, is a member, and he has promised to speak for the Independents at Westfield. It is estimated that 200 have enroiled themselves as anti-Blaine men in Newark, and there are at least 500 Republican bolters in Essex county. Carl Schurz will soon address a German meeting in Newark.

The Republicans have governed the country for twenty years without any hindrance.

They started out in their first platform with a big blast against the Mormons—yet polygamy was never touched by any legislation they enacted. The "twin relic" exists and seems to flourish under Republican rule.

How comes it that in twenty years of full sway in the Legislative, Executive and Judicial departments of the government, they never wiped out the great Mormon evil?

How comes it that in the same period of full Republican sway the laboring classes never found their wages increased but cut down in the face of promises to the contrary, if they voted to keep the Republican party in power? We have had Republican tariffs and tariff tinkering for twenty years, with the capitalists getting richer and the laboring classes getting poorer, and often even down to the verge of starvation. How comes it, working man?

Vote for Cleveland and try a change at Washington.

The political sky in some of the old republican states of the west, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio, is not full of promise for the Blaine cause. The German vote of those states is very large and has heretofore constituted the main pillar of western Republicanism. That element is deserting the Republicans en masse, and that means the defeat of Blaine even with New York for him, and the Empire State is no more likely to cast her vote for Blaine than is Kentucky. Besides the large German vote, there is a desertion of Republican voters to the manor born, among which are some of the heretofore prominent leaders.

This defection goes to Cleveland, who has the united Democratic support, and the prospects of his election are getting brighter with each day as the campaign progresses.

In consequence of these desertions in the west, with the independent Republican opposition to Blaine in Pennsylvania and New York and the New England states, the Blaine National Committee is feeling despondent, as certain defeat is staring them in the face.

There is a movement among the Pittsburg negroes to drop off from Blaine. The Pittsburg *Commoner*, a weekly paper edited by colored politicians, say there is a secret movement on foot among colored voters of Allegheny county to bolt the Republican party and that the movement has gained great proportions. It says that "the general sentiment is in favor of Ben Butler, and the Republican party need not be surprised if the colored people after this take an independent stand in politics."

The commissioners re-nominated in this county have inaugurated economy in the expenditures; they have compelled the collection of outstanding duplicates thereby reducing the county debt some 30,000 dollars, which brings about a reduction of the county tax. We think every tax-payer will feel like saying "well-done," and cast his vote for the re-election of the old commissioners.

The bolting Republicans of Huntingdon held their convention last Monday, 67 delegates being present. The following nominations were made: Assembly, T. W. Montgomery, of Huntingdon; Dr. Z. B. Taylor, of Orbisonia; treasurer, Captain D. Ross Miller, of Warrior's Mark; district attorney, J. Hall Musser, of Huntingdon; director of the poor, Captain John Donelson, of Lincoln; auditor, T. F. Tussey, of Porter. Places remaining open on the ticket to be filled by the democratic convention next day, Tuesday, are prothonotary, register and recorder, county commissioners, coroner and auditor.

Blaine is getting *more ill* (Morrill.)
The Republicans have a Pound in Wisconsin that comes down on Blaine like a ton.

DON'T CARE A HOOTER.

Arthur don't care whether Mulligan Blaine is elected or not, and won't advise any body to vote for him.

Edmunds won't raise his voice in Vermont to make a vote for Blaine, and won't contribute a pinch of snuff for his campaign.

Conkling says he is not for Blaine, and would like to see him shelved.

The leading Republican papers of New York, the *Times*, *Evening Post*, *Harper's Weekly*, and others, are more bitter in their opposition to Blaine than the Democratic papers.

The Camerons are willing to see Blaine whalloped and don't care whether Pennsylvania goes for him or not—and so on. The reason for it all is that Blaine has a bad record on Credit Mobilier, Little Rock & Ft. Fisher railroad jobs, trading speakership decisions, Mulligan letters, etc.

A LETTER THAT MISCARRIED.

Republican Chairman Brown, of Ohio, made a singular blunder in his anxiety to procure testimony to support the character of James G. Blaine. He addressed the following note to Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, formerly United States senator and secretary of the treasury under Grant:

Dear Sir: The situation in Ohio is a critical one. The party is in trouble on account of the attacks on Mr. Blaine as the candidate of the party. Your well known character as a pure and upright statesman, and coming from Blaine's own state, you could refute the charges as no one else can. We hope you will come to us in this emergency, and make as many speeches as possible.

Mr. Morrill having died some eighteen months ago and the post office department having no arrangements for carrying the mails beyond this mundane sphere, the letter did not reach the person for whom it was intended. But it reached the widow of the late lamented Morrill, who resides at Augusta, Maine, and is a neighbor of Mr. Blaine. Mrs. Morrill upon receipt of Mr. Brown's epistle wrote the following reply:

To Mr. Brown, Chairman, Columbus, Ohio:—I am surprised and shocked to receive such a communication. I thought every citizen of this country knew my husband was at rest. I am in mourning for him, but, as much as I mourn his death, I thank my father in heaven that he called him home before the party he loved so well and did so much for had so disgraced itself as to nominate so wicked and corrupt a man for the highest office within the gift of the American people, as I know and my husband knew James G. Blaine to be. If he were alive we would not support Mr. Blaine or any such man, even at the bidding of his party.

CHARLOTTE MORRILL.

This was hardly what the anxious Brown desired or expected. Leastwise he has preserved a singular reticense in regard to making it public. A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, got on the scent of this spicy correspondence and in an interview with Mr. Morrill obtained it for publication. Mrs. Morrill also took occasion to enlighten this correspondent on the subject of the Little Rock and Ft. Smith railroad investigation. She said that her husband was visited by Blaine at the beginning of that investigation who importuned him with tears and entreaties to use his influence to save him. This confirms Mr. Mulligan's statement that Blaine got on his knees to him and begged him for the sake of his wife and children not to expose him. Indeed there is scarcely a doubt that as an actor Mr. Blaine has the combined magnetism of tears and hysterics.

WORKINGMAN BEN.

Ben butler has the finest house in Washington, and rents it for $24,000 per year—and Ben is the workingman's candidate for President.

Ben owns a costly pleasure yacht, and can skip over the sea as no workingman ever saw—and Ben is the workingman's candidate for President.

Ben owns a costly residence up in Lowell, such as a workingman never dare step into—and Ben is the workingman's candidate for President.

Ben has a monopoly of the manufacture of bunting in the United States with a prohibitory tariff to shut off competition—and Ben is the workingman's candidate for President.

Either Ben Butler is a queer man or the workingmen are queer folks.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

The election was held in Maine last Monday for state officers, four congressmen and prohibition amendment. The Republicans were expecting at least 20,000 majority.

The Lewistown *Journal*, republican, gives Robie 12,000 majority and claims all the congressmen elected. The congressional vote is coming in slowly, but indications are that all four present congressmen are re-elected. The constitutional amendment was carried by a good majority.

Thus Maine does not give much impetus to the Blaine boom.

AURIFEROUS POLITICS.

[Greely (Cal.) Tribune.]

While the farmer gets 60 cts. a bu. for raising wheat, he can make more money in Denver selling his vote. The price for an expression of opinion by an American citizen in Denver is $2 in open market, but if a man is at all slow he can get $5 a vote. Influential "kickers" have received as high as $10 for voting the Republican ticket. Blaine's powerful magnetism is having a great effect on the Colorado campaign this year.

THE BLAINE LIBEL SUIT.

THE DEFENDANTS TAKING A FIRM STAND IN THE CASE.

A Series of Inquiries Filed with the Answer of the "Sentinel"—Matters which Mr Blaine Must Explain.

Indianapolis, Ind., September 4.—The answer of the *Sentinel* company in the Blaine libel suit was filed in the United States court this morning. The defense admits printing and publishing the article complained of in an issue of August 8, 1881, and denies that it was false in any particular.

It sets forth that James G. Blaine was married to Harriet Stanwood at Pittsburg on or about 25th of March, 1851, that prior to that time, during the courtship, Blaine seduced Miss Stanwood; that he afterwards refused to make reparation for the wrong done, but being afterwards strongly urged thereto and violently threatened with chastisement and punishment therein for his said wrong doing, and perchance repeating him of the evil, married her as stated; that in June following a child was born, known as Stanwood Blaine which lived two or three years and was always acknowledged by the plaintiff and his wife as their son, by reason whereof the defendants say that matters and things set forth in the article recited are true, and the same being true they were published of and concerning the said plaintiff by the defendants as they justly and lawfully might do.

The defendants file with their answer a number of interrogatories and require that the same be answered by the plaintiff under oath positively and without evasion within such time as may be limited by the court thereby, among which are the following: State when you finally left Kentucky, if you at any time resided there. When you went there. Where you were next employed, in what business or calling; that the maiden name of your wife was Harriet Stanwood. State when she finally left Kentucky, and when and where you next met her. Give the state and place of your marriage, and the names of the persons besides yourself and wife who were present on the occasion. What acquaintance had you with Jacob Stanwood? What relation was he, if any, to the person you married, and what conversation or interview had you with him before the said marriage concerning the same and when did such interview, if any, occur and what was said and done therein? Was not the first child of said marriage born on the 18th day of June, 1851? Where did said child die? Where was it buried and if in any cemetery, give name of the cemetery? Was any tombstone or monument erected at the grave of said child giving its birth, and by whose direction was said tombstone erected? Did not said tombstone bear the following inscription relative to the death of the child: "Stanwood Blaine, born June 18, 1851." Has any portion of such inscription on said tombstone been erased, since its erection? If so, what portion thereof? What acquaintance have you with the book called the "Life of James G. Blaine," written by Russel H. Conwell with an introduction by Governor Robie, of Maine, and published by E. C. Allen & Co., of Augusta, Maine, in the year of 1884? Were not the proofs of such work submitted to you for revision? Is not the statement upon 60th page of said book as follows: "Miss Stanwood in March, 1851, became his wife at Pittsburg, Pa.," a correct statement of the time and place of your marriage Did you not communicate to the author of said book for his use in such work the name of the place of your marriage as aforesaid?

BLAINE AND LOGAN IN 1869.

A correspondent in Saratoga asks us to print the "two important Mulligan letters." There were fifteen letters in the package obtained from Mulligan's possession by Mr. Blaine, on the pledge of his word of honor that he would give them immediately back, and they are all important. We suppose, however, that the correspondent refers particularly to the letters in which Mr. Blaine urges Mr. Warren Fisher, Jr., to let him into the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad enterprise, and recounts his service as Speaker of the House in preventing the forfeiture of the land grant to that railroad. There are four letters which are essential to the proper development of this episode in the career of the Maine statesman.

The letters were all written while Mr. Blaine was Speaker of the Forty-first House of Representatives. In the earliest of these interesting episodes the third officer of the Government of the United States goes down on his knees to the Boston capitalists and tells them that he knows how to make himself useful:

"AUGUSTA, June 29, 1869.

My Dear Mr. Fisher:—I thank you for the article from Mr. Lewis. It is good in itself and will do good. He writes like a man of large intelligence and comprehension.

Your offered to admit me to a participation in the new railroad enterprise is in every respect as generous as I could expect or desire. I thank you very sincerely for it, and in this connection I wish to make a suggestion of a somewhat selfish character.

You spoke of Mr. Caldwell disposing of a share of his interest to me. If he really designs to do so, I wish he would make the proposition definite, so that I could know just what to depend on. Perhaps if he waits till the full development of the enterprise, he might grow reluctant to part with his share; and I do not by this mean any discredit to him.

I do not feel that I shall prove a deadhead in the enterprise if I once embark in it. I see various channels in which I know I can be useful.

Very hastily and sincerely, your friend,
J. G. BLAINE.

Mr. Fisher, India street, Boston."

In his second letter on this subject the the Speaker and statesman expresses his appreciation of Mr. Fisher's "liberal mode of dealing" with him, but intimates that the other Boston capitalist, Mr. Josiah Caldwell, may need a little prodding:

"AUGUSTA, July 2, 1869.

My Dear Mr. Fisher:—You ask me if I am satisfied with the offer you made of a share in your new railroad enterprise.

Of course, I am more than satisfied with the terms of the offer. I think it is a most liberal proposition.

If I hesitated at all, it is from consideration in no way connected with the character of the offer. Your liberal mode of dealing with me in all your business transactions of the past eight years has not passed without my full appreciation. What I wrote you on the 29th was intended to bring Mr. Caldwell to a definite proposition, that was all.

I go to Boston by the same train that carries this letter, and will call at your office to-morrow at 12 m. If you don't happen to be in, no matter. Don't put yourself to any trouble about it.

Yours, J. G. B.

W. Fisher, Jr."

It appears that from the third letter Mr. Caldwell did need to be reminded how useful the Speaker had been to the Little Rock and Fort Smith people, at a time when their land grant was in imminent danger of forfeiture:

"[Personal.]"

"AUGUSTA, Oct. 4, 1869.

My Dear Sir:—I spoke to you a short time ago about a point of interest to your railroad company that occurred at the last session of Congress.

It was on the last night of the session, when the bill renewing the land grant to the state of Arkansas for the Little Rock road was reached, and Julian, of Indiana, Chairman of the Public Lands Committee, and, by right, entitled to the floor, attempted to put on the bill, as an amendment, the Fremont El Paso scheme—a scheme probably well known to Mr. Caldwell. The House was thin, and the lobby in the Fremont interest had the thing all set up, and Julian's amendment was likely to prevail if brought to a vote. Roots and the other members from Arkansas, who were doing the best for their own bill (to which there seemed to be no objection,) were in dispair, for it was well known that the Senate was hostile to the Fremont scheme, and if the Arkansas bill had gone back to the Senate with Julian's amendment, the whole thing would have gone on the table and slept the sleep of death.

In this dilemma Roots came to me to know what on earth he could do under the rules, for he said it was vital to his constituents that the bill should pass. I told him that Julian's amendment was entirely out of order, because not germane, but he had not sufficient confidence in his knowledge of the rules to make the point, but he said Gen. Logan was opposed to the Fremont scheme, and would probably make the point. I sent my page to Gen. Logan with the suggestion, and he at once made the point. I could not do otherwise than sustain it, and so the bill was freed from the mischievous amendment moved by Julian, and at once passed without objection.

At that time I had never seen Mr. Caldwell, but you can tell him that, without knowing it, I did him a great favor. Sincerely yours,

J. G. BLAINE.

W. Fisher, Jr., Esq., 24 India street, Boston."

On the same day Mr. Blaine took another letter to his generous patron Fisher, which completes the story:

AUGUSTA, Me., Oct. 4, 1869.

My Dear Mr. Fisher:—Find enclosed contracts of parties named in my letter of yesterday. The remaining contracts will be completed as rapidly as possible circumstances will permit.

I enclose you part of the Congressional Globe of April 9, containing the point to which I referred at some length in my previous letter of to-day. You will find it of interest to read it over and see what a narrow escape your bill made on the last night of the session. Of course it was my plain duty to make the ruling when the point was once raised. If the Arkansas men had not, however happened to come to me when at their wits' end of despair, the bill would undoubtedly have been lost, or at least postponed for a year. I thought the point woud interest both you and Caldwell, though occurring before either of you engaged in the enterprise.

I beg you to understand that I thoroughly appreciate the courtesy with which you have treated me in this railroad matter, but your conduct toward me in business matters has always been marked by unbounded liberality in the past years, and, of course, have naturally come to expect the same of you now. You urge me to make as much as I fairly can out of the arrangement into which I have entered. It is natural that I should do my utmost to this end. I am bothered by only one thing, and that is the indefinite arrangement with Mr. Caldwell. I am anxious to acquire the interest he has promised me, but I do not get a definite understanding with him as with you. I shall be in Boston in a few days, and shall then have an opportunity to talk matters over fully with you. I am disposed to think that watever I do with Mr. Caldwell must really be done through you. Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher. Sincerely,

J. G. BLAINE.

W. Fisher, Jr."

It is interesting to remark that it was Blaine and Logan—not Blaine alone—who rendered to the proprietors of the Little Rock and Fort Smith the important service so exultingly described by the Speaker. Blaine was in the chair and saw the chance. He sent his page to Logan, who promptly made the point of order sugyested by the Speaker. Blaine thereupon made the ruling and the thing was done.

We have not heard, however, that Mr. Blaine ever applied to Fisher and Caldwell for an interest in the road for Logan on the ground of *his* services.

HOOKER'S PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

[Philad. Times.]

Col. George W. Hooker is the man who once said any man was a fool not to be a Republican in Vermont or a Democrat in New York City. Since his defeat as a candidate for the Legislature in Bratleboro he is probably of the opinion that a man is a fool not to be a Democrat in Vermont.

A TERRIBLE DENUNCIATION.

The denunciation of James G Blaine as a "wicked and corrupt man" by the widow of the upright and respected statesman, the late Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, is one of the severest blows yet dealt to the dishonest candidate of a dishonored party. It is as a voice from the grave, entreating and warning the American people not to defile the high office filled by Washington and Lincoln by bestowing it on a trading politician with a blotched and branded public record.

A POLITICAL BULL RUN.

[Philad. Record—Ind.]

The opening battle in Vermont appears to have been a klad of Bull Run affair for the Republican party. It is equivalent to a repulse at an unexpected time at an unexpected quarter; but the Mark Tapleys of the Republican press gather a dolorous comfort from it. Blaine must do better or the jig is up with James Gillespie.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

Nothing is more annoying to printer and publisher than to detect errors in a printed work when it is too late to correct them. In spite of the utmost pains of the proofreader, mistakes will now and then be overlooked on the printed slip, only to be discovered when the edition is worked off. Some of these typographical errors are amusing. We know an instance where a leading divine in a New England city rushed into the office of a prominent editor, and, laying down the Saturday edition of the paper, sternly demanded, "What does your compositor mean by such an announcement as this? I wrote that the topic of my sermon was 'Cæsar's things and God's things.' It reads here that the 'Rev. Mr. —— will speak on Corsair's thugs and God's thugs.'" Matters were explained, and the reverend gentleman was consoled by the reflection that he was not alone in his trouble.

Perhaps no man was ever more disturbed by a trifle than the reporter, who, concerning the appearance of the belle of the town at a picnic, intended to say "she looked *au fait*," and found the types had it, "she looked all feet."

Prof. Bush was at one time proofreader of the American Bible Society. Though, for the greater part, very careful about his work, he permitted one edition of the Bible to go to press with the expression, "The desolate hath many more children than she which hath a hundred," instead of "hath a husband."

Of an office-seeker a friendly editor wrote, "He has secured a position in the custom house, as his well-known capacity convinced us he would." We venture to say the aspirant for political preferment was not gratified when he perceived that, according to the paper, his success was due to his "well-known rapacity."

What should have been "The lumber men in this vicinity are busy skidding their logs," appeared "The humbler men in this vicinity are busy skinning their dogs."

In a certain discourse Rev. Dr. Bethune said: "While men slept the devil sowed tares." The "Christian Intellgence" reported him as having said "sawed trees."

Somewhat closely allied to these typographical perversities is the far from perspicuous language in which papers occasionally convey intelligence. Several years since, in a sheet published at Belfast, Me., we saw, in an account of a riot, "Two shots were fired at ——; the first killed him, but the second was not fatal."

Another paper asserts that "A gentleman laid an egg on our table this morning that weighs all of four ounces." But slightly less wonderful than the fact of a gentleman "laying an egg," is the lightness of the table upon which the occurrence took place.

WONDERFUL MEMORY.

Andrew G. Curtin, the great war Governor of Pennsylvania, has a wonderful memory concerning those who entered the military service of this State during the war. Not long ago William W. Ker, the lawyer, was introdnced to him, and the first question the Governor asked was whether he was not one of the four Ker brothers who volunteered together for the war. "I am," answered Ker. "What has become of the other three?" asked the Governor. "Do you know, I remember the names of every family of two or more brothers who enlisted in Pennsylvania?" Ker then told him what the fate of his brothers had been. "We were all six feet high. The eldest went into a cavalry regiment and in one of the actions before Richmond had his arm broken by a bullet. He staggered, supported by a friend, to the rear, when a second shot pierced his body, paralyzing the entire right side of it. At this time orders were issued that the commissoned officers incapacitated for service should be retired. Unwilling to leave his regiment, he had special trappings made for his horse, and strapped to the saddle did afterwards good service in the field, and was with the army that hung on Lee's rear after his defeat at Gettysburg in 1863. The soldiers called him the paralyzed Captain, and he remained with his regiment in that condition until the close of the war. He was then appointed to a captaincy in the regular army, but I met the messenger bringing his commission with the words: 'My brother has just died.' Our youngest brother, who was only seventeen years of age, was killed in front of Richmond. His body was never recovered. A friend of the family, who was in the fight with him, said that a ball struck him over the heart, whereupon he flung up his hands and fell over stone dead. This was the last ever seen or heard of him. The bodies of the killed were so disfigured by mud and slime that recognition was impossible. My other brother, Richard, remained with me in the service until the surrender."

Macrama in all shades—Garmans.

IRISH LULLABY.

I'd rock my own sweet childie to rest in a cradle of gold on a bough of the willow,
To the sho-heen sho of the wind of the west and the sho hoo lo of the soft sea billow.
Sleep, baby, dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childie to sleep in a silver boat on the beautiful river,
Where a sho-heen whisper the white cascades, and a sho hoo loo the green flags shiver.
Sleep, baby, dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here with you forever.

Sho hoo lo! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 'tis sleep has bound you,
And O, my child, what cosier nest for rosier rest could love have found you?
Sleep, baby, dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother's two arms are clasped around you.

THE YELLOW ROSES.

One evening about two years ago, I went to spend a couple of hours with my dear old friend and neighbor, Madame de Lorgeri. Aware of her extreme fondness for flowers, I took with me a bunch of yellow roses, her especial favorites. On this evening, as on many another, I found her with an old gentleman, who had about a year before come into that neighborhood to take possession of an adjoining property left him by a distant relative on condition he would change his name to that of Descondrais. I was quite jealous of the intimacy that soon had sprung up between him and my dear old friend.

On the evening in question they were busy over a game of "tric trac." I entered softly so as not to disturb them, and waited until the game was over to present my roses. Madame de Lorgeri's face was brightened with genuine delight, but to my astonishment, Monsieur Descondrais' become most strangely abstracted and thoughtful,

"Would you believe it my friend," he said, at length, "those flowers have evoked, as if by enchantment a whole epoch of my youth. For a few moments I was again twenty years of age and in love with a woman, who, if living, must now be fully sixty years old. I will tell you the whole story, one that influenced my whole after life—even now, when old age has left me barely energy enough to play at tric-trac, the remembrance of my youthful love fills me with emotion."

"Over forty years ago just after I had left college, my father, without consulting me, sought to obtain a post for me in a certain regiment quartered in the little town of X—, for which place I received orders to depart at once. This was distressing news for more than one reason; I had no special love for the army, though that objection was no great one, as at that time of my life the mere sight of a gay uniform, or the sound of martial music, sufficed to fire my ambition into becoming a Cæsar or an Achilles. But, worst of all, I was in love, and dared not tell my father, whose answer I knew, would have been an order hastening my departure. Fortunately, I had an uncle—and what an uncle! At that time he was as old as I am now, though still retaining all the vigor and freshness of youth. He was the confidant of our follies, loves, debts and aspirations. I went to him:

"Uncle, I am most unhappy."

"I bet you twenty louis you are not!"

"Ah, uncle do not jest—besides you would lose your bet."

"If I lose, I pay. Perhaps that might help to console you."

"No; money has nothing to do with my wretchedness. Father has just accepted a lieutenantcy for me in the—— Regiment."

"A misfortune indeed! The uniform is most becoming, andall the officers are gentlemen."

"But uncle, I do not wish to be a soldier."

"Not be a soldier! Are you a coward, by chance?"

"I do not yet know, uncle nevertheless, I know you are the only man might dare doubt my courage."

"Well, Cid, my boy, what is your objection to the army?"

"I wish to marry."

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense or no nonsense, I am in love."

"And you call that a misfortune! I wish I were in love myself. Who is she?"

"Oh, uncle! an angel!"

"Of course—I knew that before; they always are angels. What I ask is as to what name your angel answers when they call her?";

"Naomi."

"Humph? Naomi. may be enough for you: but I would like to know to what family this angel belongs."

"She is a Miss Amelot?"

"Indeed! Then she is truly an angel. A tall, graceful brunette, with dark eyes, soft as velvet. I approve your choice."

"And if you but know her"——

"I do know her. Does she love you?"

"I do not know."

"What! not know! You are unworthy of me. At her house every evening, and yet not know if she loves you!"

"She does not even know of my love."

"Pshaw! little you know about it. She knew you loved her at least fifteen minutes before you knew it yourself."

"What I do know at all events, is that I will die if she be not mine!"

"Oh, no! Softly my boy. There are many reasons why she should not be yours. Your father is far richer than hers, and would never consent to the match."

"In that case, uncle, I know what I will do"—

"Nonsense! Do nothing silly. Listen to me. You, cannot marry at twenty."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not wish it, and without me this marriage can never take place."

"Oh, dear uncle. I beg——"

"If the girl loves you, and is willing to wait three years——"

"Three years!"

"Peace, or I shall say four. If she is willing, then, to wait three years, you will join your regiment——"

"Oh uncle?"

"But not this one. I will have you exchannged into one quartered within a few miles and you may come home for three months every year until the term of probation is over."

"Well if it must be— But how shall I know if she loves me?"

"Why ask her of course."

"Oh, I should never dare."

"Well, then, obey your father, and pack off at once."

"Ah, uncle, you do not know Naomi. A hundred times have I tried to declare my passion; I have even composed speeches, and learned them by heart; but at the moment of speaking my courage wanes, and each word chokes me. Her expression is so sweet, but yet so grave The man worthy of her is not born! Writing was useless. When my effusions were penned and ready to be sent their utter foolishness struck me so forcible that I was at pains to tear my notes into small pieces."

"Nevertheless you must make up your mind to speak at once. Your father has not told you all: he sends you to Clermont because his friend the Colonel's daughter is destined to be your bride. It would indeed be a good match—no protestations—all this is nothing if you are really in love with Naomi. Love is folly—but it is a kind of folly I should regret never having been guilty of. Old people may call it no nonsense, but perchance the nonsense is theirs. If the girl loves you, you must sacrifice all for her—'tis stupid maybe, but right. We must first scertain if she loves you, and now is the time, for they seek to marry her. Ah, ha! that makes you shudder and grow pale! You long to have your rival at sword's point, as we used to say in my young days. Well, courage; face your beautiful Naomi. If you are richer than she her intended husband is richer then you, besides having a title and being quite ready for the ceremony; her trousseau is even being made. You are not prepared; go to her, declare your love—she knows it but one is expected to make the declaration. If she loves you—she must, for you are handsome, young and clever. If she is willing to wait, write me so in a letter which I may keep; then I will prevent this other affair, get your exchange, and in three years marry you to Naomi in spite of your father—in spite of the devil himself!"

"Uncle, I have an idea."

"Well?"

"I will write to her."

"Very well."

After leaving my dear uncle I set about writing that note. The writing was no difficult matter, for I had done it a hundred times before; the puzzle was how to give it to her. However, there was no time for indecision, so I soon made up my mind, and, having purchased a bunch of yellow roses, I slipped my declaration in among the flowers. I still recall the words of that note. After declaring my passion, I besought Naomi to love me a little in return, and to wait three years for me. If she consented, I asked her, as a sign, to wear one of my roses that evening. Then would I dare to speak of my—do our future plans.

"Ah! you hid that note in the bouquet?" breathlessly interrupted Madame Lorgeri.

"Yes, madame."

"And then?"

"Well, Naomi wore no flowers that evening. I was desperate, and in my misery sought to take my life. My good uncle took me to Clermont, stayed there two months, and did all in his power to distract my thoughts from Naomi, declaring she never could have really cared for me."

"But, uncle," I used to object; "she always seemed so pleased to see me, and reproached me so gently when I came later than usual."

"Women seek the love of all men, but care for very few."

At length I succeeded in banishing Naomi's image from my heart. I married the colonel's daughter, who eight years later, left me a childless widower: my dear uncle has been long dead, and I am now alone in the world. Would you believe it, my friends?—I often to this day think of Naomi, and she is still to me, though now quite an old lady, the Naomi of my story—my first love—a tall, graceful girl, with auburn hair, and so my uncle used to say, black velvet eyes.

"You know not what became of her?"

"No, madame."

"Then your name is not 'Descoudraies?"

"No; that is the name of my uncle's estate; mine is d'Altheim."

"I knew it!"

"Why?—how?"

"I will tell you what became of Naomi—she loved you."

"But the note—the roses?"

"She never found your note. Your sudden departure cost her many bitter tears, and then she married Monsieur de Lorgeri."

"M. de Lorgeri!"

"Whose widow I am."

"Then you—you are Naomi Amelot?"

"Yes; just as you are, or rather, as you are not, the Edmond d'Altheim of my youth."

"To think we should meet one day as strangers?"

"Yes, and then only to play at tric-trac."

"The roses—"

"Are here. I always kept them."

And Madame de Lorgerel, with hands that trembled slightly, drew from an ebony cabinet, near by, the withered bunch of yellow roses.

"Unfasten them quick!" exclaimed Monsieur Descoudrais. She did so, and there among the flowers, now almost dust, found the note, where it had lain concealed for two and forty years.

"Spare that Tree."

In the Adirondacks the lumberman has done his work. Not a single white pine of the picturesque kind which we used to see along the shores remains, and the spruces have been thinned out until it is hard to find one of average natural size, and we have all the fuel we need for our camp-fires in the litter which the trimming of the trees has left. Besides this business destruction, there is an abuse which it is as much in the interest of the lumber proprietor as of the state to stop, which is the peeling of the spruce trees for summer camps. The guides and hunters, when they go into camp, ordinarily construct their shelter from spruce bark.

"Struck a New Lay."

A young man in natty attire, and having the general air of a "shoestring" gambler, strolled down Fifth avenue, Chicago. At the corner of Adams street he was stopped by an old lady. She was feeble and bent with age; her shoes were full of holes; her dress was soiled and torn; her general appearance denoted the pauper. "Son," she said, "which one of these houses does the County Agent live in? I want to see him, for he will help me. I am very poor. They told me Mayor Harrison was a kind man, but when I went to see him he was not to be seen, and a young man told me to go to the County Agent, It must be a long way there, for I am so tired. Can't you show me the way, son?" "Well, now, old girl," said the young man, "you are on the wrong steer for the County Agent. He is about s'teen blocks west of here, and at the gait you are traveling you will get there about fifty minutes to 6," and the young man elevated his cigar.

"Please take me there," said the old lady; "I don't know the way."

"Not this eve," said the young man. "You are too much of a la-la for me," and he turned away."

The old lady looked after him. "May be I can find the way" she said, with a sigh, "but I hope, son that your mother will never be like me."

He stopped. He looked into the old, wrinkled face, and thought of his own mother. He pulled out his watch and saw that it was 2 o'clock. He had an appointment in ten minutes, and had the promise of a bottle of wine. He hesitated a moment, then threw away the cigar, and said: "Come on; I will take you there if I lose." She leaned upon his arm, and when they had walked a little way she looked up and said: "I am so faint; I wish I had a cup of tea son."

He put his hand in his pocket. He had a silver dollar and two dimes. He thought of the chances of thirty-six to one on the double O, and then turned to a lunch counter. He seated the old lady and told the waiter to give her all she ordered. The waiter looked at both of them and smiled. When he paid for her lunch the cashier punched him in the side, and said: "Where did you catch onto the 'mash,' Jim?" "That's an old woman that's hungry, and I'm giving her a square meal," said the young man, somewhat sullenly. "You shouldn't guy a man when he's doing the charity." The cashier's smile disappeared and he handed back the price of the lunch. People on the street looked curiously at the old woman and the flashy young man, but he bravely faced them, although he feared that he might meet some one who knew him. A mail carrier and the conductor helped him put her on a car at Madison street, while a police man kept back the teams with his club. Two young girls looked at him, as he sat by the old lady's side, and tittered. He scowled at them and savagely spat out of the window. When they got out of the car the old lady said:

"Where's the church? I want to pray."

The young man was startled. "No, no; you're off again," said he, but he didn't smile. "You want to see the county agent."

"So I do; so I do," said she. "I am so old that I forget. But I feel so thankful, and you are so kind, that I wanted to pray. Are we nearly there now? I think my boy will come back to me some day, don't you? He went to California years ago, and then I heard he was dead. But I never got a letter from a doctor that said he was dead. Oh, dear! I am tired again. Do you think the county agent will send me to Elgin? And I want him to give me a new pair of shoes, and then I will be happy. I know a good woman in Elgin who will let me live with her a little while. Have I any friends? No, not one, and I have no money."

He put his hand in his pocket. The silver dollar and one dime were still there. He put it in her hand, and said: "Here, mother, catch on. I'd like to give you more, but this is my pile. Play it close, and you'll win; and now, right over there, on the corner of the alley, is the joint you are looking for." He left her while she showered blessings upon him; and when he again reached the south side, and found that he had missed his appointment, he invested his solitary dime in a cigar and said to himself: "Well, if I did get left on one lay, I caught onto another kind of queer. I'll just tell this story to the old woman, and maybe she won't kick so hard for awhile if I get home late tonight."

Vital Force.

There seems to be an active and enduring energy in man that is not pure physical strength and yet aids in the indefinite prolongation of life. It is not the mysterious vital principle, though closely related to it. It is not firmness of muscle nor suppleness of limb, though these are useful attributes of the body. Neither is it the will, though this may sometimes help to keep the vital spark for a time within the mortal frame. It is sometimes called nervous force, because it is more observable in persons of nervous constitution. Whatever it may be it is quite as valuable as mere strength, and by judicious management it may be made to keep the possessor in health and to extend his life far beyond the allotted term of man's usefulness. Young men reared in the country are large, muscular and healthy. Beside them, young men reared in the city seem pale and sickly. But this difference of appearance need lead no one to suppose that the city youth has not equal or greater powers of endurance than those who have grown up among green fields and breathed the purest mountain air. When the war of the Rebellion broke out it called the young men of the country alike from farms, counters and counting-rooms. The city regiments and country regiments encamped side by side, enjoying at first the same degree of health. It often happened that the last died like sheep, because they were unable to endure the hardships and simple complaints incidental to camp life, while their neighbors from the city grew strong and lived to do duty afterward on a score of battle-fields.

History furnishes examples of the influence exerted by the will united with nervous energy. Louis XI is a striking instance. Richelieu is a more familiar illustration of the principle. The lives of Voltaire, Queen Elizabeth, Beaconsfield, Gladstone and some literary men of our own times prove conclusively the value of vital force as compared with mere physical strength. The first is like a Fabian army, fighting a little and all the time retreating adroitly; the last like a strong fortification, which having been surmounted by the enemy, all is lost.

It follows, then, that the length of human life depends, first, on the amount of this vital force, and, second, on the care with which it is husbanded. It is probable that it is oftener found in persons of medium stature and of no great physical strength, though it may coexist with the amplest physical development. Let any one run over in his mind a list of all the old men he has ever known. How many of them were six feet in height? How many of them were men of superior muscle when they were young? A small proportion, we presume to say. Why is it that young men six feet tall, or who are athletes, seldom pass much beyond middle age? First, because their physical and nervous forces are not usually in proportion, and second, because, presuming on the superabundance of their strength, they exhaust themselves in over exertion and intemperate indulgence.

It may be stated as an incontrovertible principle that any amount of exercise more than is necessary to keep the digestion perfect has a tendency to shorten life. The digestion is the fuel under the engine, the oil which lubricates the points of friction in the machinery of the body. We cannot imagine a person mortally ill while the digestion is good. While it is perfect the health is perfect. When it happens that any part of the body is diseased the stomach is invariably in a morbid condition. Therefore systematic and unnecessary exercise in gymnasiums is likely to prove injurious. Professional athlets are rarely long-lived. Abnormal development of particular muscles is attended or soon followed by weakness or deterioration. The fatigue that follows excessive exertion is a sheer waste of vitality, which may not be at once felt, but whose loss is perceptible later in life. Exercise must be regulated by sound discretion. The bad results of confinement and sedentary habits must be counteracted, but beyond the point of cultivating a healthy appetite no one should ever go. The digestion may be kept in less troublesome ways than by writhing and wriggling on the trapeze and crossbars. Food should be according to personal habits and the strength of the digestive organs. If a person's diet is coarse and heavy it may sometimes be necessary to work in a gymnasium like a blacksmith, or like a horse on a treadmill, to enable the system to dispose of it. The better way would have been to be temperate at a table. Even the digestive pill of the gourmet is a more sensible remedy for over-feeding than the barbarous methods of modern athletes and acrobats. When will human beings learn the absolute necessity of putting a solid bar of sleep between two days, or that every exertion must be followed by a corresponding period of repose? The body can be recuperated from a certain amount of physical fatigue if repose is speedily taken. The nerves will endure a certain amount of tension if they are soon relaxed. But in bodily fatigue or nervous excitement it is easy to pass the point where the loss of vitality becomes irremediable.

Men sometimes say that they do not wish to live to old age. It is a matter which does not depend on their wishes unless they choose to commit suicide, a death preferred by few. But if old age is to be endured it can only be rendered tolerable by carefully guarding the weak points of the citadel in youth and early manhood. Barring unavoidable accidents, the book of health is simple and easily learned. Its alphabet is self-knowledge and self-restraint. Its primary lessons are rest and recuperation. Even a little forethought may guard against chance disorders and accidents and simple remedies set the disorganized functions again in healthy motion. No man is so stupid as not to be able to learn the amount of vital force that is in him. Its loss is quickly shown in the lassitude and physical disorder that follow excessive bodily or mental labor, or the demoralization that comes from excessive indulgence in nerve stimulants. These are plain warnings that he neglects at his peril.

Rob Roy's Father's Sword.

John MacGregor has at his home, at Brooklyn, a sword which belonged to Robert Roy MacGregor's father. Mr. MacGregor is 82 years old. He was away from home but his daughter-in-law led a reporter into a dining hall ornamented with stag's heads and weapons of war and the chase. From one corner she dragged forth a straight-bladed, double-edged, two-handed claymore, with a strong iron basket hilt as big as a fencing mask and twice as deep. The blade is four feet long and two and a half inches in width. The reporter tried to draw the blade from the scabbard, but it resisted all his efforts. "The scabbard ought to come off," said the young lady. "I know it used to, and the blade was bright and in good order. There is said to be only one sword like this in the world now, and that is in the tower of London. That sword came into our family twenty years ago. Mr. Robert MacGregor, who is now dead, was then a dry-good merchant of Philadelphia. He heard that a family of MacGons who had lately come over from Scotland, had in their possession the sword of Rob Roy's father, and he went to investigate the matter. He became satisfied of the truth of all that was claimed for the weapon, and purchased it. Here is the certificate which accompanies the sword." The following inscription was written on parchment: "This claymore was used in the wars of the Covenanters and Cavaliers by Colonel Donald MacGregor, of Argyle, father of Rob Roy."

The average ocean steamer burns a hundred tons of coal a day, and some twice as much.

Window Dressers.

No branch of the mercantile business has grown to such proportions in the past five years as the dressing of show windows. Before that time goods for display were thrown into the window recesses without any special regard for harmonious blending of colors, and it seemed to be the impression that the way to catch the public eye and call attention to the beauties of the goods was to make the arrangement of the articles displayed as incongruous as possible. Suddenly an artist appeared in a well-known Boston house, and out of his love of art spent his time, at a small salary, in decorating the windows with displays that fairly dazzled the Bostonian's eyes. Beautiful grotto scenes with wax figures for the subterranean inhabitants, and somber-hued stuff to make the effect of the gloom; Santa Claus' jolly representative, Cinderella and the Prince and various other unique and novel representatives showed that a field requiring peculiar originality and a fertile imagination was opening up in a business that formally seemed altogether devoid of anything but the dryest details.

Competition spread to other cities and young men in large numbers turned their attention to what prompted better wages and more variety of labor. Within the past two months several stores in St. Louis have contained very attractive exhibits and a counterfeit of a suspension bridge, constructed of common pins and rubber hair pins and extending a length of fifteen feet, drew many a beholder. Folds of tarleton were artfully substituted for the clouds, and gray gingham quite faithfully presented the appearance of rocks, over which the products of a millinery store turned and clustered in a wilderness of false vines and mosses. The effect from across the street was surprisingly realistic, and imagination would not have been startled had some veritable Lilliputians skipped across the frail fabric swaying backward and forward behind the glass. The spectacle was such a refreshing innovation in the monotony of the stale shows to which the eyes of shoppers had long been treated, that it seemed hardly conceivable to some that the work had not been done after a long effort. It was, however, the result of two days' work on the part of the regular dresser, one of the most skillful in the West, who was seen by a reporter as to his peculiar vocation.

"Did you make a special study of this work before you engaged in it regularly?"

"Well, I can't say that I did. You see, some years ago, while engaged in a smaller store, I got to experimenting in window designs, and became so expert that our store became the attraction of the town. Then I moved to a larger city, took some time traveling East and noting some other features from the masters, you might say, and after that took the regular position of window dresser."

"Then you don't claim to have stumbled upon it?"

"Certainly not. It isn't everybody that can become a dresser any more than everybody can be a painter. One has to born to it. A dull, unpoetic soul will set and reset his pieces several times before they give satisfaction, but with the properly qualified decorator one setting is sufficient."

"Are windows made in a different way for such purposes?"

"Oh yes. The change has been made quite extensively in the East, and now they are built deeper. Where ours are only eight or ten feet deep theirs are over twenty. This give a fine chance for a rich, elaborate and complete display."

"Is that all you do?"

"Well, I should think so. It takes me a day or a day and a-half to work up an ordinary design, and, as we have four windows ranging in size from thirty-six feet to fifteen feet, the lay-out of each of which must be changed once a week, I consider that I am kept busy enough to earn my salary. Besides, during the summer it is like working in a furnace to stand in the sunshine that pours through the panes and in winter the cold draughts of air make it equally unpleasant. The variety and change, however, compensate somewhat for some of its ills."

"What are the average salaries paid?"

"They range from $30 to $45 a week, and some experts receive $60. Wages have been steadily going up the past year, as a number of incompetent young men have dropped out, convinced that it calls for a natural capability which can't be replaced by determination."

"Do you outline or sketch your design before working it out?"

"I don't, but I know those who do. It is not the best plan to do it, though, as it tends to limit one's powers. I invariably let one combintation or idea suggest another so that I never have the same style used twice. It is best to do the work by inspiration and then you know its fresh. I shall put over a week in to decking out the company's exhibit at the exposition. How would it look if I should make any attempt to put it on paper previously?"

Face Powder.

A young married man discovered a freshly opened box of face powder on his wife's toilet table. "To this complexion have we come at last," he said, and flung it out of the open window.

It alighted safely on the head of a gentleman who was going to church in his Sunday best, and enveloped him from head to foot like a spring storm.

"Come down and be murdered," he yelled up to the man in the window, shaking his fist and describing a war dance.

"Come up and I'll fight you," shrieked the powder magazine above.

The wife appeared as a pacificator; armed with a whisk-broom she descended to the sidewalk, and her husband had the satisfaction of seeing her carefully dust off the strange man, while she made soothing apologies in invisible tones.

And the husband has concluded not to interfere with his wife's toilet relations in the future.

THE man who knows you well may forget all about you when you are ill.

On the Box.

It was the poverty and not the will that consented in the case of the driver who lent me his forder, his badge and his license to enable me to spend a dozen hours or so on the box, and see what life was like from the point of view of the 10,000 cabbies who ply their calling in the huge metropolis. It is a nervous kind of thing to find yourself at the back of a handsom cab for the first time, even if you profess to be something of a whip. The roof shines before you like a great wet housetop, and, as to the horse, of which you can see no more than the head and a few inches of neck, its distance is quite startling. The wheels cannot be seen, so the difficulty of estimating the width of spaces that you dare drive through is very considerable; there is a feeling of slippery insecurity about the legs, too; so that, beyond the danger of being flung right over the whole thing, as cabbies often are in falls and collisions, it does not seem at all impossible to slide out sideways.

My first fare was an old lady to the Royal Academy bound. She gave me a shilling and left her Academy Notes in the cab. In driving into the yard of the Burlington House I noticed the Bishop of Durham going up the steps. I then prowled along Piccadilly and picked up another very uninteresting shilling fare, a youth who wanted to go to Albert Gate. In the neighborhood of the place just named I was hailed by a gentleman whose face, expressive of mingled merriment and anxiety, I well remembered, but whose name I could not bring to my tongue: He ordered me to drive across the park to Paddington station. En route I heard him singing, "When other lips and other hearts," with the characteristic intonations of Mr Sims Reeves, and for a moment I imagined that I had been fortunate enough to secure the greatest living tenor as a fare. But the melody was sharply transformed. Yes, it was clear that I had the great J. L. Toole on board. He was mimicking Mr. Reeves as very few can, and singing snatches of "Paw Clawdian." I told him who was his driver when he alighted, whereupon he said that, although he was a Toole, he had not thought that he being instrumentalized for the benefit of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Ah, well, don't chisel me out of the fare!" I said: "I want my screw, you know!" "Yes, I saw that you were a screw driver," he answered with a wink; "that was plain, young shaver! Perhaps it will auger well for your inside if I ax you to supper at the Beefsteak Club instead of giving you the 18d. You'll want a bit in stock, after a day on a hansom?"

I had an adventure with a touch of pathos in it after driving away from Paddington station, whence Mr. Toole had gone scampering away to Henley regatta. At the corner of Edgeware road stood rather a faded-looking old lady, whose visage was puckered into some hundreds of wrinkles by a life of care, I should think, such as no woman should have to endure. Leaning with extreme feebleness upon her arm was a girl, hardly more than a child, in the hectic roses of whose cheeks I could read the sentence of an early death by consumption. How long could you drive my daughter in the park for a shilling, cabman? The doctor has ordered her to get fresh air, and she can't walk far; I can only afford a shilling," said the gentlewoman, in a tone of well bred candor. I begged them to get in at once, declaring that I was doing very well that day and could afford to give them a good blow. In the park the old lady alighted and walked at the side for a time, telling me by degrees a few of the details of her troubles. At the end of about an hour I dropped these unfortunate ladies at the spot where I had taken them up. To their very great wonder I did not take their shilling. I asked the little girl to do me the honor of accepting a bright cluster of flowers that I had been wearing in my buttonhole, which she did with much blushing and bewilderment. "If you would only let us give you the shilling," she stammered, "we would ask you to come and give us a ride some other day." I said that I could not, and hurried off. These ladies were neither stiff nor patronizing in their manner to me. I am disposed to believe now that a touch of nature really may make the whole world kin, including even the unromantic cabbies.

With my Boots On.

The railroad passenger who leaves from any depot in Detroit must show his ticket at the gate. The idea is to keep dead-heads off the trains and prevent people from making mistakes, but it's a poor day when a dozen kickers don't show up.

Recently a man with a very, very iron-jaw and lots of width between the eyes reached one of the gates with a parcel under either arm.

"Ticket, sir."

"In my pocket."

"Show your ticket!"

"Can't you take my word that I've got a ticket?"

"Please show your ticket."

"Am I liar?" demanded the passenger.

"Ticket, sir; show your ticket."

"I'll be hanged if I do."

"All right; please stand back."

"Look a-here," said the man with the metal in his jaw, "I'll stay here a thousand years before I'll show my ticket at that gate."

A dozen people laughed at him, but he let the train go out and walked around with his parcels under his arm, He got no consolation for a long two hours Then a chap with a battered white plug hat, run-down boots and last year's clothes, slouched up to him, held out a greay paw and said:

"Pardner, put it thar! Both of us dead-broke. Both of us want to get out o' here. Both of us got left at the gate. Pardner, I'll toss up to see whether you pawn your red whiskers or I spout my old hat for two schooners of beer!"

The wide-eyed man laid down his bundles and kicked the other with such force that he fell flat. When he had picked himself up he walked straight to the gate, exhibited his ticket, and passed through with the remark:

"There it is—there it is! but I'll beat the conductor or die with my boots on!"

AGRICULTURE.

SHORTHORNS.—Putting on one side all the advantages which have accrued to the breeders of shorthorn cattle, by what in America is called the "boom," which has helped the breeding along, there is still the fact that when farmers want to rear their stock by hand, and make part of the return in dairy produce there has not yet been found the equal of the shorthorn for that purpose. Several breeds, under different circumstances, could be made into better beef, but they wont give milk at the same time; and several breeds under similar circumstances, would give more milk but they can't be made into good beef, and are consequently useless to feed out when barren or to rear as steers. The shorthorn can be reared out of the pail, bred or arable land, will give a fair amount of good milk, and can be fed easily in stall during winter into a salable condition.

FERTILIZER.—A stick of wood burned on the surface mostly passes off in gas, leaving only the ashes; but the same stick, if burned in a coal-pit, excluded from the air, forms a mass of carbon of nearly or quite its original size. Now, all decay of vegetable matter is a slow combustion, and when this is done under the soil, not only are the gasses retained in the soil, but more carbon is formed, and this carbon has the power to appropriate the valuable gasses always present in the atmosphere. The great value of clover as a fertilizer is due, first to the carbon furnished by the decay of the plant, and second to the fine mechanical effect on the soil which renders it porous, so that the atmosphere penetrates it and deposits plant food. It is clear that better fertilizing effects will result from the plowing of it down to decay in the soil. Ordinarily more can be made out of the tops than they are worth for manure, and if rightly managed, the roots will supply the needed fertility.

No. 150,000.

This is the number actually reached this week by the Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano company in the regular numbering of their world-renowned cabinet organs. Having commenced business in 1854, the average number of organs produced per annum has been 5,000, which is 100 per week for the entire 1,500 weeks of their business career. The Mason & Hamlin organs have been sent to every civilized country, and their sale never was greater than at the present time, averaging from 10,000 to 15,000 organs per annum.—*Boston Journal.*

COLONEL J. F. TRUE, of Kansas, gives an excellent article on cattle feeding and states that he weighed five head of shorthorn bull calves about one year old, and they averaged nearly 900 pounds, having made a growth of 75 pounds a month from birth. He fed 80 head of steers on corn and prairie grass from May to August, and they made a gain of 100 pounds a month each, which gain he attributes to their shorthorn blood. With a lot of steers sired by a shorthorn bull, as compared with some by a scrub sire, but all from the same stock of cows, and fed alike until two years old, the half-shorthorn steers averaged 1,450 pounds, which sold for 5 cents per pound, and the others averaged 1,250 pounds, which sold for 4½ cents per pound, or $16.25 per head difference. Mr. True says that the "quality" of a bullock is that which makes him susceptible of being fitted for the butcher in half the time, and less feed than is necessary to bring the coarser animal to the same degree of excellence.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THE commonly received advice to orchardists to scrape the rough bark from old apple trees, has been contradicted, some having tried it and concluded that the practice did more harm than good. The rough bark is a protection to the tree from sudden changes of temperature. The benefit often claimed from scraping the trees comes from the greater attention paid to them in other respects by men who take the trouble. Whitewashing trees is equally ineffectual for good.

Monarch Potato Digger.

One of the most valuable farm implements is the Monarch Potato Digger. It will dig 800 bushels per day, in a clean, perfect manner. Immense shipments have been made by the manufacturers, Monarch Manufacturing Company, 206 State St., Chicago, Ill., to every State and Territory in this country. They are sent out on sixty days' test trial to every farmer, and no one raising potatoes should fail of sending for their full elegant catalogue in six brilliant colors. The company is an old one, and perfectly reliable. See their advertisement in this issue.

DRIED muck from the swamps is a exceedingly useful material for the gardener. In many sections of this country it can be obtained at little more than the cost of cutting, drying, and carting it. No gardener ever has too much of it. It has many excellent properties. It will make heavy soil light. It will make dry soil moist. It will make cold soil warm. It is an excellent absorbent of water and gases. It is itself a manure, and can be used to great advantage in our stables, cowhouses and pig-pens, as well as for mixing with manure in our compost heaps.

Night Sweats.

Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE conveyance of pollen from one flower to another in cross-fertilization is effected naturally by the wind or by the agency of insects and other creatures. Flowers that require the aid of insects usually offer some attraction to their visitors in the shape of bright color, fragrance or sweet juices. The color and markings of a flower often serve to guide the insects to the honey, in the obtaining of which they are compelled either to remove or to deposit pollen.

DOMESTIC.

GREEN PEPPER PICKLES may be made after this somewhat unusual receipt: Half a bushel of green peppers, six heads of cabbage, two pounds of mustard seed, one of black and one of white, one-quarter of a pound of cloves and of allspice, two ounces of celery seed, one head of garlic. Remove the seeds from the peppers and cut in slices, chop the cabbage, mix the peppers with it, and sprinkle salt over all, and let it stand over night. In the morning drain the water from it. Put the spices, etc., in vinegar enough to cover the pickles. Let the vinegar come to a boil, cut the garlic in pieces and let it boil in the vinegar, but skim it out before pouring over the vegetables. Pack in a stone jar and cover with horseradish leaves, a cloth over them, and a tight cover over all.

How to Secure Health.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, or Blood and Liver Syrup, will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is, indeed, a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has often proven itself to be the best blood purifier ever discovered, effectually curing scrofula, syphilitic disorders, weakness of the kidneys, erysipelas, malaria, all nervous disorders and debility, bilious complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, etc. It corrects indigestion, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system.

REVIVING FLOWERS.—When flowers have been carried a long distance in close boxes or cases they often appear withered and worthless, but with proper treatment they may be revived and restored to their original beauty. Instead of being at once put into vases and exposed to the hot, dry air of the parlor, they should either be spread out on wet flannel or moss, and covered with a dish cover or an inverted box, or else put in pans containing moss and water or wet sand, in which they can be set upright, and then shut up in the dark for a few hours. If they do not regain their freshness under this nursing, there is no hope for them, but in all ordinary cases their recovery is certain.

CALF'S HEAD SOUP.—Prepare and boil the head according to the recipe given in cook books. When cooked, strain the liquor and set it away to cool. When, cool, remove the fat, fry an onion in a little butter, dredge some flour over it and stir until it is brown. Chop finely two carrots, one onion, one turnip, and some pieces of meat cut from the head, and put all in with the liquor; add half a dozen cloves, cayenne and salt, and boil two hours. Before serving, thicken with a little prepared flour; add half a tumbler of claret wine.

Farmers' Folly.

Some farmers adhere, even against the full light of fact and discovery, to the old fashioned folly of coloring butter with carrots, annatto, and inferior substances, notwithstanding the splendid record made by the Improved Butter Color, prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. At scores of the *best* agricultural Fairs it has received the highest award over all competitors.

SPINACH A LA CREME.—Pick over and wash the spinach, and cut the leaves from the stalks. Boil in hot water, a little salted, about twenty minutes. Drain, put into a wooden tray or upon a board; chop very fine, and rub through a colander. Put into a saucepan; stir until it begins to smoke throughout. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter for a good-sized dish, a teaspoonful of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Beat as it heats, with a silver fork or wire spoon. Flavor with a little nutmeg. Cook this until it begins to bubble up as you beat it. Pour into a deep dish, surround with sliced egg, and serve.

Carbo-lines.

The winter blast is stern and cold,
Yet summer has its harvest gold;
And the baldest head that ever was seen
Can be covered well with Carboline.

BUTTER.—Take a new flower pot, wash it clean, wrap in a wet cloth and set over butter, will keep it as hard as if set on ice. Milk, if put into an earthen can, or in a tin one, will keep for a long time, if well wrapped in a wet cloth.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

BAKED BEETS.—These excellent vegetables are quite as good baked as boiled, and the sugar is better developed by the baking process. The oven should not to be too hot, and the beets must be frequently turned. Do not peel them until they are cooked, then serve with butter, pepper and salt.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

CALF'S BRAINS.—Soak the brains in water till all the blood is removed, dry them in a clean cloth and then fry in butter or oil. Garnish with parsley and serve. Or, after soaking them, boil them in milk for twenty minutes, then drain from the milk and put them in vinegar for three or four hours.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BAKED BERRY ROLLS.—Roll biscuit dough thin, in the form of a large square or into small squares. Spread over with berries. Roll the crust, and put the rolls into a dripping-pan close together until full; then put into the pan water, sugar and pieces of butter. Bake them. Serve with any of the pudding sauces.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50c.

"AT what age were you married?" asked she inquisitively of her lady friend. The friend being equal to the occasion, replied: "At the parsonage."

HUMOROUS.

IN good hands: He was a country young fellow, a little awkard and bashful, but of sterling worth of character. She was a Cincinnati belle and had sense enough to appreciate his worth, despite his awkardness and bashfulness, and was his fiancee. On a gloomy Sunday evening last winter they were standing in front of the window in the parlor of her home, on East Walnut Hills, watching the snowflakes rapidly falling outside. He was not up in society small talk and, being hard up for something to say, remarked as he watched the snow falling: "This will be hard on the old man's calves and sheep." "Never mind, dear," said she, slipping her arm around him, "I will take care of one of them."

You Can't Make $500 by Reading This.

even if you have chronic nasal catarrh in its worst stages, for although this amount of reward has for many years been offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of catarrh they cannot cure, yet notwithstanding that thousands use the Remedy they are seldom called upon to pay the reward, and when they have been so called upon they have universally found that the failure to cure was wholly due to some overlooked complication, usually easily removed by a slight modification of the treatment. Therefore, if this should meet the eye of anybody who has made faithful trial of this great and world-famed Remedy without receiving a *perfect* and *permanent* cure therefrom, that persons will do well to either call upon or write to the proprietors, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., giving all the particulars and symptoms in the case. By return mail they will get good advice free of all costs.

A DEPOSITOR dropped in at the office of the cashier one morning to get a note discounted. The official was absent, but in his chair reclined a plump, rosy-faced individual who was asleep. Turning to one of the clerks, and then glancing at the recumbent figure, the visitor observed:

"Appears to be on pretty friendly terms with Morpheus?"

"It is his habit," responded the gentlemanly clerk, "he always goes to sleep when he comes here."

"Has business, I suppose, with the cashier?"

"Oh, yes; he's one of the government bank examiners."

* * * * Pile tumors, rupture and fistulas, radically cured by improved methods. Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A LITTLE girl was presented with a canary, on Sunday, and after bestowing the gift her uncle said, "Well, Effie, I suppose your bird will sing only hymns, to-day?" "I know he will," said the demure little miss, who had recently been reading about song birds and their habits, "What makes you so sure of it?" curiously asked the giver. "'Cause it's a him bird," was the naive reply.

ADORATION of and respect for blue blood can scarcely go beyond this. At a provincial law-court a case was being heard in which the defendant happened to be a noble lord. "The evidence, my lord," said the registarr, handing up the book, "that you shall give before this court shall be the real truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, *so help your lordship's God.*"

Throat and Lung Diseases

a specialty. Send two letter stamps for a large treatise giving self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"ELOISE" asks if we will publish her poem on "The wavelet of the Rivulet." With a smilelet upon our facelet, we reply yes. Write only upon one sidelet of the sheetlet Eloise, and put on enough stamplets. Your poemlet shall have spacelet.

"LAY off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

A CAMBRIDGE youth wrote the following in a young lady's autograph album: "In the chain of friendship regard me as a missing link;" and after signing his name he added underneath by way of postcript: "But do not mistake me for Darwin's missing one!"

"THERE'S our Jeremiah, said Mr. Shelton, "he went off to make his living by his wits." "Well, did he succeed?" inquired his friend. "No," said the old man with a sigh and significantly tapping his head, "he failed for want of capital."

PICKLES are not considered a very elegant article of diet, and yet the æsthetic will often stoop to pick a lily. It is not, we presume, quite so æsthetic to chow-chow, but it is equally too too-oothsome.

"ADOLPHUS, let us leave the avenue and stroll along the margin of the river," "Not any, Evangeline. No more margins for me." [Adolphus had been speculating in futures that week].

THE ensilage question: Practical young belle to utterly-utter young man: "Algernon!" "What is it, my pensive lily?" "You ought to study up the theory of ensilage, Algernon." "And what is ensilage, my languid one?" "Oh, it shows how to keep green things green till the winter's gone, Algernon, and don't you wish to live till spring Algy?"

THE beggers of Boston are as utterly utter as the cultured masses. They ask not for cold victuals, but beg the favor of "some broken food."

WHAT will give a cold, cure a cold, and pay the doctor's bill when cured? A draft—(draught).

HE couldn't raise the mortgage on his building lots, and so, poor man, without becoming blind, he lost his site.

INDIAN FRITTERS.—Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, and pour over it sufficient boiling water to make it into a stiff paste, taking care to stir and beat it well, to prevent its getting lumpy. Leave it a little time to cook, and then break into it—without beating them first—the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, and stir and beat all well together. Have ready some boiling lard or clarified dripping. Drop a dessertspoonful of batter in at a time, and fry the fritters of a light brown. They ought to rise so much as to be almost like balls. Serve them on a hot dish, with a spoonful of jam or marmalade dropped in between each fritter.

BROWN FLOUR MUFFINS.—One pint of tepid milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, half a yeast cake dissolved in half a cup of warm water, one tablespoonful of molasses, half a cup of Indian meal, two cups of Graham flour and one cup of wheat flour. Beat well together. Let the batter rise half an hour before baking. Bake half an hour in a butter cake mould or in muffin-rings on a griddle. Serve hot.

RANAQUE BUNS.—One pound of butter, one and a quarter pounds of sugar, two pounds of flour, six eggs, four tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon. Mix the cinnamon with the flour; rub the butter to a cream, then mix the flour with it. Beat the sugar with the eggs, then altogether as little as possible. Distribute this by the spoonful into rough-looking cakes on buttered tins placed at a little distance apart. This is a very nice lunch-cake.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Melt three-fourths of an ounce of isinglass in half a pint of milk, with a stick of cinnamon and a small piece of lemon peel in it, into one pint of rich cream, put some granulated sugar, the juice of three oranges, and then strain the isinglass in it when cold, and wipe them all together; when it gets thick put in a mould, place on ice in a very cool place.

One of the best electric light systems was recently introduced into the Court Theatre at Stuttgart. Quite unexpectedly the orchestra immediately showed signs that they disapproved of the new means of illumination, and they have petitioned the management to restore the old oil lamps. Tha orchestra state that the brilliancy of the electric lights have an unpleasant effect upon the nerves, and that it has become difficult to follow the baton of the conductor. To ascertain whether there may not be something substantial in these alleged grievances a committee of oculists and disinterested musicians have been officially appointed.

Some laborers taking clay out of the Ancholme Valley at Briggs, Lincolnshire, England, came recently upon a very ancient wooden way at a depth of about seven feet from the surface of the earth. It consists of heavy beams of oak laid transversely and fastned to the underlying glacial drift by oak pins. It is thought that this way extends nearly across the valley, and that it was built by neotithic men. At any rate there are six feet of clay on top of it, deposited by overflows of the Humber; above the clay there is a foot deep of peat, and on the stratum of peat the Romans had made roads.

The manager of the gasworks at Deventer, Holland, has had recourse to this plan for preventing stoppages in his ascension pipes: He inserts in the mouthpiece end of the retort, immediately after charging, a sheet of iron which fits the retort as closely as possible, and has in the middle a hole equal in area to the ascension pipe. The tarry vapors, heavy oils and carbon dust are for the greater part arrested by this pate, and thereby prevented from rising a few feet higher and condensing on the interior surface of the ascension pipe.

A man in New York city has invented what he calls a "Patent Artillery Fire Ladder" for use by fire departments in large cities. It consists of a mortar, out of which a ball weighing 120 pounds can be projected to and through the roof of a six-story building. To this ball is attatched an iron chain ladder which extends from the ground to the roof, is held in position by the imbedded ball. The bomb is also intended to batter down dangerous wails. The same inventor has also patented a similar ladder, which can be suspenbed from a bracket set in a window of the upper story of a building.

A man during a lifetime of fifty years, according to a paper recently read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, sleeps away an aggregate of 6,000 days works, away the same period, eats away 2,000 days, walks away 800 days, is ill during 500 days, and amuses himself with the remainder of his half-century on earth.

STRING BEANS.—String beans make a nice dish if, after being boiled in the usual way with a small piece of salt pork to flavor them, you drain them carefully, and then add sweet milk or cream, a little butter, pepper and salt, just as you prepare peas.

PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416. NEW YORK.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common * * * * * * to our best * * * * * *
FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

* Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify. *
* It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. * * * * * * * *
* It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. * Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of Inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

A LYNN man has been found iquiring of everybody that he met if they had lost a key. He refused to give a description of the article, so that a fellow could tell whether he has lost one or not. And after a man had searched his pockets and decided that he guessed he hadn't lost one he would consent to show the key, which was a watch key. The fact that the finder had suffered nothing worse than being sworn at indicates that Lynn people are either mighty good-natured or afraid to fight.

A CAT, when pursued by a ferocious dog, may not be feeling quite as well as usual, but, nevertheless, she presents a fur-straight appearance.

STATISTICS show that women commit suicide most frequently on Sunday. It is on that day that the humiliation of having to wear last season's bonnet is most keenly felt.

A FOUR-year-old child, who, while visiting, saw bellows used to blow an open fire, informed her mother that they "shovel wind into the fire down at Aunt Emma's."

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THE SURE CURE
FOR
KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.
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"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES
it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. 2

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DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of VIGOR (simple cases, $3 to $5. Severe cases, $8 to $12. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St., N.Y.

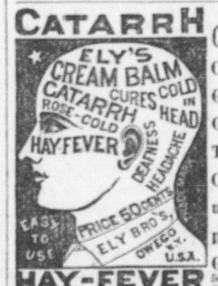
HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Company*, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS

☞ The best family pill made—Rawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.

CATARRH



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ELY'S Cream Balm

Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply with Finger. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists, or 60 cents by mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cts. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Thirty Years Record.

Endorsed by Physicians.

IT IS A SPECIFIC FOR Kidney & Liver Troubles. IT IS RELIABLE in curing Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins or Sides, Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes. Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

Price $1.25. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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OF
Horehound and Tar

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

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BLOOD SEARCHER

The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.

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PITTSBURG PA.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free Orvials Agency, 159 Fulton St., N.Y.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the *Successful* specialist. Ease at once; no *operation* or *delay* from business; tested by hundreds of cases. 851 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

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CURES
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Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
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$65 A MONTH and board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county to take orders for the lives of Blaine & Cleveland. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Phila.

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THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young and old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

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THE MONARCH POTATO DIGGER
Saves its cost yearly. FIVE TIMES OVER, to every farmer. Guaranteed to Dig Six Hundred Bushels a Day!

☞ Write postal card for FREE elegantly illustrated Catalogue, in Six Brilliant Colors, that cost us $2000 to publish.
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Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts, Phila., Pa., and C. N. Crittenton, N. Y.

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An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept. 10, 1884

BLAINE AS A MINE OWNER.

His Coal Interests in the Hocking Valley—Did He Lie in His Bundy Letter?

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

If you will turn to the New York *Tribune* of August 31, 1881, you will find an item setting forth the enormous monopoly of "nearly all the coal and iron interests in the Hocking Valley" in Ohio, giving the names of the persons who provided the "colossal capital" for the monopolization and operation of "about one hundred and forty square miles or 90,000 acres" of land.

Among the names will be found Gov. Foster, of Ohio; William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey; Secretary James G. Blaine and Gen. James G. Hall, of Maine. When the tariff question was before Congress Mr. Blaine came forward as a special lobbyist of the coal and iron interests for a big duty on bituminous coal and iron ore. The duty on iron is 75 cents per ton; the duty on bituminous coal is 75 cents per ton.

If you will turn to the file of the *Commercial Advertiser*, you will find on the 14th of July, 1884, a dispatch from Columbus, O., stating that a large number of imported laborers had been sent down to the Hocking Valley mines, guarded by 130 of Pinkerton's special police, armed with carbines and revolvers. In the *Advertiser* of July 15, '84, you will find another dispatch stating that the operators (owners) say they "will have 3,000 more foreigners to go into the mines in a few days." The dispatches from that region now portray the condition of things there. Now what are the facts?

A great monopoly has a protective tariff of 75 cents per ton on bituminous coal, ostensibly for the benefit of the poor laborer, to protect them against what is called pauper labor. Now those miners only struck against having their wages reduced below 70 cents a ton. Thus they only asked as wages five cents less than the entire amount of the protective tariff, and they are treated with carbines and revolvers.

This is a fine (?) showing upon which to ask the laboring men to vote for Mr. Blaine.

WM. D. MARVEL.

70 William St., New York, Sept. 2.

RESULT OF REPUBLICAN RULE.

Petersburg, Va., Sept. 2.—All the cotton factories in this vicinity have stopped work, throwing out large number of men, women and children, many of whom are suffering for the necessaries of life. Application will be made to the City Council for a special appropriation for relief of the sufferers.

A WEALTHY GYPSY DYING.

Baltimore, Sept. 2.—Walter Lovell, the veteran king the Gypsies now encamping near this city, is lying seriously ill in the grove, and his death is expected at any moment. He is eighty-three years of age and has never deserted for a day the nomadic life in which he was born. During his career he has traveled through all the states and territories. He has amassed a fortune estimated at between $200,000 and $500,000. His wife who was the queen of the tribe, died about two months ago. The band is the same as that which was previously encamped throughout Pennsylvania. The Lovell band of Gypsies are the largest in the world.

WHEN YOU FEEL BLUE

and your back aches, and your head feels heavy, and you wake unfreshed in the morning and your bowels are sluggish or costive, you need Kidney-Wort. It is nature's great remedy and never fails to relieve all cases of diseased kidneys, torpid liver, constipation, malaria, piles, rheumatism, etc. It operates simultaneously on the kidneys, liver and bowels, strengthening them and restoring healthy action. Put up in both dry and liquid form. Sold by all druggists.

Probably the longest fence in the world will be the wire one to be built from the Indian Territory west across the Texas Panhandle, and 35 miles into New Mexico. It is said that 85 miles of this fence is already under contract. Its course will be in the line of the Canadian river, and its purpose is to stop the drift of the northern cattle. The fence will be over two hundred miles long. The loose way in which they are fencing in the boundless West, as it was supposed to be, has attracted Uncle Sam's attention, and legal proceedings have been commenced against a Ranche company in Nebraska, to restrain it from maintaining a barbed-wire fence, 56 miles in length, which incloses 52,000 acres of the public domain in Custer county. A special agent reports that this particular ranche company—the Bighton—while owning 6,000 head of cattle, had enclosed pasture land enough to maintain four times as many; that many of the entries made by the employes of the company were fraudulent; that persons desiring to settle on the land had been terrorized and driven off; that it was impossible for other cattle men to get pasture on the range; that the fence of the company extended directly across a post-route, compelling the mail carrier to go many miles out of his way. The company has refused to put down the fence, and defies the Government. It will probably be taught a lesson. In Texas, where the public lands are owned by the state, the Legislature has given the Governor $50,000 to suppress lawlessness growing out of the fence question. On the other hand, the fence raiders threaten to poison the springs and streams to which they are refused access. The fence question is getting to be a pretty big one.

By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeon's knife because of malignant sores and scrofulous swellings, might be saved, sound and whole. This will purge out the corruptions which pollute the blood, by which such complaints are originated and fed.

In some of the Southern campmeetings notices are posted up stating that "drummers and politicians will not be welcomed." And yet there are plenty people who think that these useful classes of citizens are just the ones who need religion the most.

ARCHITECTURE.

Architecture, like music and the drama, is an art which needs for each of its works one composer and many executants. If the building, the oratorio, or the play is to be perfect some at least of the executants must themselves be artists. The great difficulty of the modern architect is that so few of the executants in his art are anything more than mechanics. A large proportion of them must have been no more than this at the best of times, and architecture so far differs from other arts that for many of its executants no more than this is needed. A common excavator, it is evident, can dig a trench, a common bricklayer can build a wall, without needing to have anything of the artist in his composition. As regards the majority of men plain mechanical work is all they can do, and all they wish to do, and such work, in the main, is what even the greatest architectural achievements are made up of. In stages far above digging and walling there is very much indeed to be done that requires nothing more than good workmanlike ability. Nearly all those features of a building, very numerous and very important, which consist of straight lines and circular curves, can be perfectly worked from drawings by any one with fair mechanical skill. The architect has only to see that they are well designed, and there are plenty of workmen, even now, who will take care that they are well executed. But the critical point is passed when we come to features which a drawing cannot fully explain. The mechanical workman can produce from drawings the largest arch-molding, the most complex nave-pier, the finest window tracery; and from the same drawing of such things every competent workman will produce, practically, the same result. The reason is, that every point about them can be absolutely fixed and settled by lines and figures, and there is therefore no opening in them, or only the smallest conceivable opening for the workman's art power, even if he has any. But all this is changed at once when we come to details, which a drawing cannot perfectly explain. The mere mechanic is equal to the largest geometrical pattern, but not to the smallest piece of leaf ornament, much less to ornament of a higher class. All sorts of mysterious reasons have been assigned for the difference, because, like Sir Thomas Browne, art theorists "love to lose themselves in an *O altitudo*," and because the real explanation is too simple and obvious to leave opportunities for fine writing and declamation. The plain fact, however, is that the mere mechanic can only go with safety as far as he is guided; that he cannot be guided, except by way of partial suggestion, where difficult and complex forms come in, and that, therefore, in the latter case an artist-workman is wanted, who, in his own special department, can guide himself.

LIFE IN SIBERIA.

In winter the huts in which the people live, and which are generally about sixteen feet square and seven to eight feet in height, are almost snowed under, care being taken, however, to keep the snow clear of the ice windows. The most conspicuous objects in a village are the chimneys, which rise two or three feet above the snow-covered roof. It is customary among the natives, in order to avoid the trouble of entering a hut when one wishes to make a short communication to his neighbor, to simply step upon the roof and use the chimney as a speaking-tube. The summer hut, called urassa, is generally cone-shaped, roughly and hurriedly built of drift wood, covered with sod. There is a fireplace in the centre, but no chimney, and the smoke finds egress through a hole at the top of the structure. The food of these people consists principally of fish, which are either cooked in large copper kettles or eaten raw, both in summer and winter. Reindeer meat is considered a luxury, it being generally hard to obtain, owing to the lack of effective firearms. The geese, which they kill during the molting time, they string upon wooden frames or scaffolding, and eat them usually after they have been exposed undrawn to the sun during the entire summer. They obtain brick tea, of which all are very fond, tobacco, and and horsehair for making and repairing fish-nest, from the traders who travel among them during the winter. Sometimes they also manage to get a little flour, which, mixed with water, they boil, making a sort of mush of it. The natives do their summer traveling in small, trimly built dugout canoes. They are extremely sharp forward, the widest part being very near the stern. They are usually blackened on the outside, and any cracks or other leaks stopped with pitch, which is extracted from driftwood. In the bow a forked stick is placed, in which the iron-headed spear used in killing reindeer habitually rests. The little boats, worked with a double-bladed paddle, are very swift, and are generally large enough to carry two persons comfortably. The women are transported from place to place in large, rudely constructed, clinker-built boats, which they themselves propel with oars resembling a spade in shape. Into these are packed the children, dogs, fish-nets and the few household utensils necessary for summer travel in the delta—the men in their canoes forming a sort of escort to the noisy throng in the large boat. For winter travel dog sleds are used.

2000 yards of best calicoes; all styles—Garmans.

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An electoral estimate is printed in the New York *Herald*, which gives Cleveland 277 and Blaine 124 electoral votes; necessary to a choice, 201. The closely contested states of California, Connecticut, Indiana, Michigan, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Wisconsin are all given to Cleveland. Their vote added to the 153 from the 'solid South" gives Cleveland his 277.

By this estimate it will be seen that Governor Cleveland would have 76 electoral votes more than are necessary to elect. Supposing through the treachery of Tammany and a defection to Butler he should lose the 36 votes of New York he would still be elected. Under this estimate he could further afford to lose the 32 votes of Ohio and also the six of West Virginia, should "Steve" Elkins' 'bar'l' and colonization scheme succeed in that locality.

We believe in view of the great defection of the Germans the Democrats have a fighting chance in Illinois and Iowa. Both States are in the doubtful column.

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		WESTWARD.			
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia				11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg				3 20 a m
" "	Montandon				5 45 a m
" "	Williamsport				7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore				7 57 a m
" "	Lock Haven				8 25 a m
" "	Renovo				9 35 a m
" arr at	Erie				6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia				4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg				8 10 a m
" "	Montandon				10 39 a m
" "	Williamsport				11 45 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven				12 45 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia				7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg				11 25 a m
" "	Montandon				1 32 a m
" arr at	Williamsport				2 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven				3 55 p m
" "	Renovo				5 05 p m
" "	Kane				9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at					5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia				11 10 p m
" "	Harrisburg				3 25 p m
" "	Montandon				5 50 p m
" "	Williamsport				7 19 p m
" "	Lock Haven				8 05 p m
" arr at	Renovo				9 15 p m
		EASTWARD.			
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven				7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore				7 29 a m
" "	Williamsport				8 10 a m
" "	Montandon				9 20 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg				11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia				3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane				6 00 a m
" "	Renovo				10 05 a m
" "	Lock Haven				11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport				12 35 p m
" "	Montandon				1 36 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg				3 48 p m
" "	Philadelphia				7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie				1 55 p m
" "	Renovo				10 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven				11 45 p m
" "	Williamsport				1 00 a m
" "	Montandon				2 05 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg				4 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia				7 50 a m
WMPT ACN leaves	Renovo				3 40 p m
" "	Williamsport				6 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven				5 00 p m
" "	Montandon				7 49 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg				10 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia				3 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

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LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon.....	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar..	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv..	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground....	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl.....	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg.....	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg.....	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1t3.00	
Milmont.....	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton.....	8.33			3.40	
Coburn.....	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	
	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4	6	8 P.M.	10 P.M.
Spring Mills	5.50				1.56
Coburn.....	6.18				2.29
Laurelton.....	7.30				3.49
Milmont.....	7.40				3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.	8.00			P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.	8.00			12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg.....	8.15			12.26	4.28
Biehl.....	8.20			12.34	4.34
Fair Ground.....	8.30			12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M	8.35			12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25	8.55		10.15	1.05	5.55
Montandon ar. 5.40	ar. 9.10		ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

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CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cts. Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all styles

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer In DRUGS, CHEMICALS, DRUGS PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Cleveland** By Chauncey F. Black, Lieutenant Governor of Penn'a. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Democratic party, with all P.'s platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House: protective tariff; revenue reform; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Hendricks.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest, and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once. THAYER, MERRIAM & CO., 6aug10t 833 Arch St., Philadelphia.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, 11jun tf Druggist.

Advertising Cheats ! !

"It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the poprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years,

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—The Parents.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."

—A Lady of Utica, N. Y.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white lable. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with Hop or Hops in their name.

$11,950
IN CASH
GIVEN AWAY
ATTENTION, SMOKERS!

All contestants for the 25 premiums aggregating above amount, offered by Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., must observe the following conditions on which the premiums are to be awarded: All bags must bear our original Bull Durham label, U. S. Revenue Stamp, and Caution Notice. The bags must be done up securely in a package with name and address of sender, and number of bags contained plainly marked on the outside. Charges must be prepaid. *Contest closes November 30th.* All packages should be forwarded December 1st, and must reach us at Durham *not later than December 15th.* No matter where you reside, send your package, advise us by mail that you have done so, and state the number of bags sent. Names of successful contestants, with number of bags returned, will be published, Dec. 22, in Boston, *Herald;* New York, *Herald;* Philadelphia, *Times;* Durham, N. C., *Tobacco Plant;* New Orleans, *Times-Democrat;* Cincinnati, *Enquirer;* Chicago, *Daily News;* San Francisco, *Chronicle.* Address,

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO.,
DURHAM, N. C.

Every genuine package has picture of Bull.

☞See our next announcement.☜

An Old Soldier's
EXPERIENCE.

" Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's Army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for **throat and lung diseases.** J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all **bronchial and lung affections,** by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

FOR
HELP Women MEN
WHO ARE **NERVOUS** AND
LACK VITAL ENERGY.

The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overwork Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, **Male and Female Weakness,** etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. These for **Men** only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without drugging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for **MEN ONLY,** also one for **LADIES ONLY,** free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards. Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.

AMERICAN GALVANIC CO.,
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Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

Consult Dr. La Barge, SUCCESSOR TO **Dr. BUTTS**

In diseases of the **Blood,** Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilis and Sexual Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

(Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)

Address Dr. C. L. LABARGE, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 920 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

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A few good, reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our

NEW FRUITS AND SPECIALTIES!

together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. Previous experience not essential. To LIVE, ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms address, giving full name, age and reference,

HOOPES, BROTHER & THOMAS,
20aug6t West Chester, Penn'a.

THE LAST GASP.

General Sheridan tells a very interesting story about the last campaign against Lee, and the incidents of the surrender. It will be remembered that he headed off Lee at Appomattox Court House, and captured eleven trains of supplies which were waiting for him there. When Lee found out that he had no stores or ammunition for his army, and that his retreat was cut off, he sent a flag of truce, which Custer received and conducted to Sheridan. The two armies laid on their arms waiting for Grant, who was on his way to the front.

In the meantime Sheridan and some of his staff started to ride over toward Appomattox Court House, when they were fired upon by a regiment of rebels half concealed among some underbrush. The General and his party waved their hats toward the place where the shots came from, and made all sorts of demonstrations to silence the unexpected and mysterious attack, but to no purpose. Finally, the Confederate officer who brought the flag and Major Allen, of Sheridan's staff, rode over to see what the matter was.

They found a South Carolina regiment, whose colonel, in a grandiloquent tone, informed them that the war wasn't over, and that he and his regiment did not recognize the authority of General Lee to make terms for peace. "Be Gawd, sir," exclaimed this gallant Johnny, "South Carolinians never surrender!"

The two officers rode back to General Sheridan, who, with his party, had retired under cover, and reported to him the situation. The General called Custer, and told him there was one regiment over in the brush which hadn't got enough of it, and it would be well for him to go over there and "snuff it out." Custer ordered his bugler to sound "Forward," and at the head of a regiment dashed across the interval which lay between the two armies, which were drawn up a in long lines and stood at rest. It was a beautiful Sunday morning a perfect Spring day—and the sight of that regiment, with Custer's long tawny hair as their banner, dashing at full gallop across the fields, evolted a cheer from both armies.

Meantime Sheridan had reached the Court House, where he met General Gordon, recently Senator from Georgia, and General Wilcox, who had been his classmate at West Point, but whom he had not seen for many years. Wilcox has since been doorkeeper of the United States Senate.

While this party were sitting on the steps of the court house, chatting familiarly over the situation, heavy musketry was heard in the distance. Gordon looked up in anxiety and alarm, and asked one of his aids to ride over in that direction and find out what it meant. "Never you mind, General," said Sheridan. "It's all right. I know what it means. Custer is over there having some fun with a South Carolinian who never surrenders." Gordon insisted upon sending the officer to stop the fight, but before he got there the doughty colonel had presented Custer with a very much battered sword. It was the last gasp of the Army of Northern Virginia.

TRUSTING A COSSACK.

A Cossack rode up to the door of a little inn at Braile, dismounted, drank a succession of glasses of brandy, and then made a show of remounting his horse. The landlord reminded him that he had not paid for his drink. The Cossack, with a heavy sigh, drew out his dirty purse and began fumbling for a coin, when his horse gave a sudden snort and fell to the ground. The Cossack was in despair; he did everything he could to raise the beast upon its legs, but all was in vain. "He is dead! He is dead!" cried out in chorus a number of bystanders, who had been attracted to the spot by the accident. The poor Cossack would not believe it. The crowd, knowing that a Cossack's horse is his own property, and that the loss of the animal would be a terrible blow to the owner, began to make a collection, in order to mitigate his sufferings as far as possible. Even the landlord was touched, forgot his bill, and presented the bereaved man with another glass of brandy, refusing any pay. The Cossack lifted up his saddle, slung his lance over his shoulder, dropped a farewell tear over the faithful beast, and walked sorrowfully away. When he was about 1,000 paces distant he suddenly stopped, turned round and gave a long shrill whistle. At the sound of the well-known signal the horse sprang up, neighed a friendly answer and darted off with a lightning speed to his grinning owner. The Cossack was soon on his back, making significant symbols of thanks to the assembled crowd for their generosity and sympathy. In a few minutes he was out of sight, and the landlord of the krottchma was loudly registering his vow that he would never again trust a Cossack.

It is in the nature of exasperation gradually to concentrate itself. The sincere antipaty of a dog towards cats in general necessarily takes the form of indignant barking at the neighbor's black cat which makes daily trespass; the bark at imagined cats, though a frequent exercise of the canine mind, is yet comparatively feeble.

——For a neat, comfortable shoe, Doll's new shoe store. Bellefonte, is the place. Special line of gent's shoes.

EDUCATED TRAMPS.

A gentleman who has given much time attention to relief work in Chicago has noted the fact that a large proportion of the applications for aid are persons of polished education. He mentions a tramp who returned thanks for his breakfast in five modern languages and repeated the Lord's prayer in Greek, Latin and Hebrew. This poor fellow was ashamed to beg, and did not know how to work. Similar instances might be multiplied. Undoubtedly a superior education is of inferior value in getting a living. It is often said that a superior education does not prevent a man from laboring in a workshop or on the farm, but it must be admitted that it is the rarest thing in the world to see a college graduate voluntarily come down to manual labor. Our highly educated young men are all on the lookout for genteel and intellectual occupations. This state of affairs is not to be considered as an argument against a superior education. The fault is in public opinion, and not in the text books. When the world begins to respect manual labor and appreciate it at its true worth, educated men will no longer hold aloof from it.

TELEGRAPHING CHINESE.

Telegraphing in Chinese cannot be done in the same manner as in any other tongue. Owing to the peculiarity of the Chinese characters, each of which represents a word, the Danish Telegraph Company, (the Great Northern) working the new Chinese lines, has adopted the following device: There are from five thousand to six thousand characters or words in ordinary Chinese language, and the company have provided a wooden block or type for each of these. On one end of this block the character is cut or stamped out and on the other end is a number representing the character. The operator receives the message in numbers and takes the black of each number transmitted and stamps with the other end the proper Chinese character on the message form. Thus a Chinese message sent in figures is translated into Chinese characters again and forwarded to its destination. The sending operator, of course, requires to know the numerical equivalent of the characters or have them found for him.

DUST IN THE EYE.

When, in traveling, a bit of dust gets in the eye, it is best to remain quiet for a little, as the tears may wash it away; the flow of tears may be promoted from time to time by attempting to open the eye. Blowing the nose violently assists the operation. The head of a pin, covered with the end of a pocket-handkerchief, and moistened with saliva, may be moved about between the eyeball and eyelid, and will detach the intruder if not too firmly fixed. Another plan is to get a fellow traveler to raise the eyelid with his fingers, and then gently wipe the red mucous membrane with a moistened pocket-handkerchief, or remove the foreign body if he can see it. A little piece of paper twisted to a point is useful. A drop of olive oil or castor oil introduced into the eye will often allay a pain and intolerance of light produced by a fine irritant, as sand.

THE ORANGE TREE.

The orange tree is the longest lived fruit tree known. It is reputed to have attained the age of three hundred years, and it has been known to have flourished and borne fruit for more than a hundred years. No fruit tree will grow and produce fruit so well under rough treatment. It commences to bear the third or fourth year after budding, and by the fifth year it will produce an abundant crop, but its yield will increase gradually under favorable circumstances, and as years pass on it will become a very productive tree. The early growth of the orange is quite rapid, and by the tenth year it will have increased more than in the next fifty years, so far as its breadth and hight are concerned; but its age multiplies its fruit stems greatly, and an old tree will sometimes bear several thousand oranges.

A MATHEMATICAL CALCULATION.

Somebody of a mathematical turn, with nothing better to do, has made the following computation, which is curious, if not essentially correct. He says that a German mile—about five English miles—contains 23,856 feet; a square German mile contains, therefore, 668,500 square feet. The superficial area of the Lake of Constance being eight and a half German square miles, therefore contains 5,682,000,000 square feet. There are living on the surface of the globe at this moment, in round numbers, about 1,430,000,000 human beings. Let every man have four square feet allotted to him, and if the lake were frozen over, the whole human family might find standing room upon its surface. Should the weight prove too great, the ice break, and the whole human race be submerged, it would only raise the level of the lake about six inches.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

The three outlets of diseases are the bowels, the skin and the kidneys. Regulate their action with the best purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

There seems to be a genuine breakup in the Republican party in Wisconsin. First comes the ringing letter of ex Congressman Thad. Pond, and now we are informed that two other Republican leaders of the state, Col. S. B. Boynton and John H. McGregor, have publicly declared they cannot support Blaine. Mr. McGregor was one of the delegates at large from Wisconsin to the Chicago Convention in 1860 that nominated Lincoln for President and has long been a gentleman of much political influence. There is a sensation in Wisconsin over these important departures from the Blaine forces, and Gen. Logan has been sent for in the hope of staying the rising Cleveland tide.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE &

PATENT IRON ROOFING

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of

COOKING STOVES,

COAL STOVES,

& RANGES,

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

TINWARE

of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

HEADACHES

Are generally induced by **Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation,** or some **Derangement** of the **Liver** and **Digestive System.** Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of **Congestive** and **Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache,** and **Sick Headache;** and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,

Why ?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

☞SOLD PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE

CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD

restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.
3 Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

CONSTIPATION!

There is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by Constipation, and there is no other ill flesh is heir to more apt to be neglected, from the fact material inconvenience may not be immediately felt from irregular action of the bowels. When there is not regular action the retention of decayed and effete matter, with its poisonous gases, soon poisons the whole system by being absorbed into it, causing piles, fistula, headache, impure blood and many other serious affections. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will immediately relieve, and one bottle positively cure or relieve any case of Constipation.

"Was troubled for a year with torpid liver and indigestion, and after trying everything imaginable used BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. The first bottle revived me and the second cured me entirely."—J. S. Williamson, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED! Energetic, reliable men to sell **Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. SALARIES** and *expenses paid. Experience not essential. Full instructions given inexperienced men.* Address, Le CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y.
One mile east of Rochester.

A Prize Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

J. C. BRACKBILL, W. R. BRACKBILL.

Furniture and Bedding!

THE LARGEST STOCK!

THE LOWEST PRICES!

Give us a Call,------Satisfaction Guaranteed,

J. BRACKBILL'S SONS,

Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the

CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

THE PASTILLE

Prof. Harris' Radical Cure

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FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 26, 1881

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HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS,
306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

FINEST AND BEST.

J. H. BYRNES,

EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD WEARING THE MANUFACTURED BY ROCHESTER, N. Y. SECURE HAVE A PAIR.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of

MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES

in the County.

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE

ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST

..... SHOES, ...

the Most Comfortable Shoe Made. Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.

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COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—100 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, 30julyly Proprietors.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

THE COMPLETE HOME. Agents Wanted for this beautiful book. New edition.—New bindings.—New illustrations from new designs. Superbly gotten up. Some low price. Adapted to all classes. Sells at sight. Agents doing big work. EXCELLENT TERMS. The handsomest prospectus ever issued. Apply now.

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NERVOUS HEALTH for MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The seminating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

☞Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

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ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS $5; 3 MONTHS $7.

Agents wanted for Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest and best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free, HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

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OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¾-inch arbor, 3 changes feed: sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS,
Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.
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SANITARIUM, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea, 36 p., route, cost, free.

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The great specialist. Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage. Consultation and Pamphlet free.

DOWNS' ELIXIR.

N. H. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR

For the cure of

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the *Throat, Chest,* and *Lungs.* In all cases where this Elixir is used its efficacy is at once manifested, convincing the most incredulous that

CONSUMPTION

is not incurable, if properly attended to.—At its commencement it is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the Lungs; then an inflamation, when the cough is rather dry, local fever, and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chills more common. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove all **morbid irritations** and **inflamation** from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration.

It heals the ulcerated surfaces

and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are of so drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the cause, consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Send address for a pamphlet giving full directions, free.

Price 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

DOWNS' ELIXIR. DOWNS' ELIXIR. DOWNS' ELIXIR.

NO LOSS.

There the warm sunset sank
Over the sea;
There the light wavelets broke,
There the low breezes spoke,
There the eve's magic woke
Rapture for both of us,
You, love, and me.

There the gray morning rose
Over the sea;
There the thick raindrops fell,
There the wind's moaning swell
Murmured farewell, farewell!
Sorrow for both of us,
You, love, and me.

There the gay noontide shines,
Glittering yet;
There we once vowed and wept;
There grief on gladness crept;
Have you the record kept?
Mem'ries for both of us,
For—I forget.

A STRANGE MANIA.

In the fall of the year 184— a family moved in to the town of Decatur, Texas, and all efforts on the part of the people in that little town to find out anything of their past history, except that they were Judge Henry Wamble and wife, and daughter, and son, from Tennessee, proved unavailing.

The family had arrived unexpectedly one evening about dusk, and as they rode in a covered wagon Squire Cobb said he got a glimpse of them.

"I got a glimpse of the daughter for one instant," said Bernard Wilder, the handsomest and smartest young fellow in all that country. "I tell you, it was the prettiest and yet saddest face I ever saw. If she stays here she will turn the heads of all the boys, or they will have to leave."

And so the people talked on, while the Wamble family still continued as mysterious as ever.

"Squire Cobb," said I about three months after the "judge" as he was called, had arrived. "I am comparatively a stranger here, but I think the Wamble family is causing enough strange and mysterious happenings to demand an investigation."

"Why, what new thing has happened now? Any more fellows cranky since Fatie Farrell and Max Miller left when they could not get that pretty little witch, Edna? I think it very strange that all her lovers disappear without an explanation."

"Yes, and did it never occur to you that they would never return probably?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, excitedly.

"Why, that this matter ought to be looked into, and right away; too."

"Have you any grounds for this dark suspicion?" he asked.

"Listen: Tom Shoemaker went there the other night to ask her father's permission to visit her. No one knew of it but his sister. He never returned, but it was thought at the time he had gone to some of the nighbors. Last night Ed. Pickrell went on the same errand. Bernard Wilder met him on the way, and waited around outside to find out how he succeeded. While there—but here he comes now; he will tell you all about it."

"Ben," exclaimed several voices from the crowd, that had gathered in the little store where I had been talking to Squire Cobb, "tell us about Ed. Pickrell, and what you know."

"Well, when I had waited outside for Ed. untill I thought the most ardent lover ought to come out, I started to walk off, when I heard a dull thud, followed by a faint laugh—but such a laugh as froze my blood and made my teeth chatter, and you know I am no coward. I could not make out anything distinctly, but saw enough to make me determined to find out what it all meant, and what had become of Tom Shoemaker and Ed. Pickrell—and perhap the others. And now I ask every one present to keep silent until you hear from me again. I am going to unravel this mystery, or disappear as mysteriously as did the others."

"You do not intend to try your fate in order to find out that of the others?" asked Squire Cobb.

"I do not know about that. I will tell you one thing, if there is any crime connected with this mystery, Edna Wamble is ignorant and innocent of it. I believe she is dying of some great sorrow. Her eyes and face have the saddest and sweetest look I ever beheld. I have had several talks with her lately, and—but look, yonder, she is beckoning me to come there in a hurry. I'll go and see her," and Ben at once walked to the corner of the block, where Edna stood, pale and trembling, awaiting him.

"Ah, Edna, have you come to reconsider your answer and clear up this mystery?" he asked.

"No, no; Mr. Wilder," she cried, "I love you too dearly—I mean I have too much regard for your future happiness—to permit you to do what you might ever regret. If you could penetrate the secret of my life, you would turn from me. Dear Bernard—Mr. Wilder, I mean—I came here to ask you not to come to father's to-night—to never come at all. I ask this in the name of the love you profess for me. Oh, if you stay away and trust me, I—father is calling and I must go," and she was gone ere Benard could stay her.

"Her strange eagerness made him more determined than ever to go there that very night. But one thing almost drove him wild, and that was that she must be in some way connected with what was undcubtedly a series of mysterious crimes.

He went to the house about dark, and was admitted to a large room in which were only two chairs and a table, one chair setting in the centre of the room at the end of the table.

The judge gave him the centre chair and took the other himself, and called to Edna to bring wine.

She did so, and set it on the table with two colored glasses, and retired to a side room. The judge then said in a suppressed tone:

"So Mr. Wilder, you want to ask the privilege of visiting my little Edna, eh? Well, you don't know what you ask, my friend. Take a glass of wine, and we'll talk it over."

Just then Bernard noticed Edna at a side window, with her hand up to her mouth and shaking her head negatively.

Quick as a flash he understood that he was not to drink. But what was he to do? He had no excuse not to drink, and to use his pistol, which he had brought, would be unprovoked violence as yet. He instantly thought of a plan and said:

"Judge will you get me a lump of sugar, please? I never drink wine without sugar."

As the old man turned his back, Bernard changed the glasses quickly, and remained as if he suspected nothing.

On the return of the judge, Bernard put the sugar in his wine, and he and Edna's father drained their glasses.

In a few seconds the judge turned pale, clutched the table convulsively, and shrieked:

"Oh, you young villain! Come to steal my daughter, and when I would have prevented you, you changed glasses, did you?" and he tried to get across the table, but fell, apparently lifeless.

Bernard was horror-struck.

The shriek and scuffle brought the mother, daughter, and son in the room in a hurry. The two ladies burst into tears, and Edna exclaimed:

"It is all over now. Oh, Bernard, why did you come?"

The brother took the judge to his room, assuring Bernard that no harm would come of the drug, except a deep sleep for awhile.

"Edna my poor, suffering darling, what does this mean. There is something wrong with your father. Tell me dearest."

"Come to morrow, Bernard, and I will tell you my whole history, and you can tell the people here. But the doctor has arrived, and I must go to papa now."

As Bernard turned to go he heard Edna exclaim:

"Oh, mother, it's true? He has come back to us again!" and she ran out to stop Bernard, who heard the judge, to his amazement ask where he was, and what doctor that was, and talk about people in Tennessee.

To his inquiring look of amazement, Edna said:

"Father's well at last, and you must stay. And, oh, Bernard, my more than dearest friend. I can now tell you all that has been so mysterious. Come, sit down here by me."

"Years ago I had a sister, three years older than I was. Father almost worshiped her, and seemed to have a perfect dread of some young man falling in love with and marrying her. This led him to often times treat young men who called with almost rudeness. Well, to be brief, sister Ethel did fall in love with a worthy, noble man. Father objected, having no excuse except his desire to keep sister at home. They went to a neighbor's and married, and father forbade them both from the house. They went to New Orleans, and in two months both died of yellow fever, and no one but mother and I could sooth him. He was always passive with us. We had a perfect dread of a madhouse, and being rich, and soon learning to humor his whims, we came here to please him. The strangest part of the story is that one of his whims was to administer a powerful narcotic to all young men whom he thought likely to gain my love, and while they were in a deep sleep, he would precipitate them through the floor, by a trap door under the chair you sit in, into the basement beneath. He would then induce them, by some means unknown to me, to leave, promising either to not come in so many years, or to never reveal to any one why they never got me. I do not know how he did this, but I know he never harmed any of them."

"Well, I can inform you, if the occasion of my luckier friend's success is not too sacred for a third party," said Ed. Pickrell, who came in just then.

Edna and Bernard both were surprised.

"The judge would come to us," continued Ed. "after we awoke from a deep dream of peace, and show us a note from you, Edna, telling us that if we loved you as we professed, we would leave and be silent; that your father was mad, and any further advances would make him rave. That if we would hope for your hand, we must leave until his mind was restored or he died. Of course this always did the work. I had not gone yet. Your brother always did the negotiating with the lovers, I find."

"I never wrote such a note," said Edna.

"I see," said Bernard; "that is another of your father's strange manias. Very well, Edna; since hope has been held out to all of you, and I have not been bound over yet, I guess I will have to settle the disputes by taking my little bright-eyed Edna, if she will come," and he held his arms open, and she nestled upon his breast like one who was weary and had been seeking such a resting place for years.

The judge recovered, and had lost all his madness. He gave his ready consent to the marriage of Edna and the young man whose coolness had restored him to reason and life.

All the banished ones heard of it somehow, and came back in time to be present at the wedding and join the whole village in rejoicing over the happy termination of the judge's "Strange Mania."

Population in the Arid Region.

The limit of population in the arid region is an interesting question. That part of the United States west of the line drawn north and south at a point 200 miles east of Denver, and reaching to the Sierra Nevada mountains, is so destitute of rainfall that crops cannot be raised, as a rule, without irrigation. This fact makes the conditions of its development very different from those of the rest of the country. The laws of growth that govern there cannot be applied here. In forecasting our future we are therefore almost without the aid of experience. It is true that the arid countries in the vicinity of the Mediterranean have sustained dense population. It is also true that in the portion of Mexico where irrigation is necessary, very large numbers of people manage to exist. But these experiences are not worth much as guides to us in determining what will be the result of our Anglo-Saxon civilization upon the vast and dry interior of the continent. Throughout our mountains and plains the nutritious grasses which the dry seasons mature into hay upon the stalk, furnish great grazing resources, but the population that can be thus sustained must be comparatively small. It takes so much range to maintain a single animal, and when this limit is reached the increase of the herds must come to a halt. Agriculture will be circumscribed by the scarcity of irrigation water. If the latter could be had in unlimited quantities it would be safe to predict that all our tillable land will be eventually put under cultivation, and that our rural population will one day be as dense as is that of France. But the water is not to be had after all allowances are made for possible improvements, after the entire flow of the streams has been saved in reservoirs, after experience has discovered the most economical way to use water; after all there will only be a fraction of the available arid land under tillage. Vast areas must always be left untouched, which will be good only for pastoral purposes. While immense crops of potatoes can be raised without irrigation, when all the little patches of soil in the mountains are tilled, it is yet evident that our home market will ultimately absorb all that home agriculture can produce, however much the latter may run ahead temporarily. As the mines develop and manufacturing looms up, we will come to consume much more than our farmers can raise. The arid region must depend for its hope for a large population upon its ability to manufacture for the agricultural States to the east of us. It must hold the same relation to them that New England has long held to the West and South. Of course the ebb and flow of mining will always furnish a large but transitory population. But manufacturing is almost as permanent and constant as agriculture itself. It can be carried very far and made to sustain millions of people engaged in fabricating articles for all parts of the country. In this way it is quite possible for the arid region to sustain a population nearly as large as an equal area in the humid portions of our land.

Whalebone.

Few persons know what the whalebone of commerce represents in the living animal. Whalebone, in fact, represents an enormous development of the gum of the whale, and exists in the living animal in the form of two rows of plates, which, like a great double fringe, hang or depend from its palate. One hundred of these plates exist in the mouth of a whale and the largest plates may measure from eight to ten or twelve feet in length. The inner edges of these whalebone plates exhibit a fringed or frayed-out appearance, and the whole apparatus is adapted to serve as a kind of gigantic sieve or strainer. Thus, when the whale fills the mouth with water, large numbers of small or minute animals, allied to jelly-fishes and the like, are engulfed and drawn into the capacious mouth cavity. The water is allowed to escape by the sides of the mouth, but its solid animal contents are strained and entangled by the whalebone fringes, and when a sufficient quanity of food has been captured in this way, the morsel is swallowed. Thus it is somewhat curious to reflect that the largest animals are supported by some of the smallest beings.

Two Clever Collies.

If you should visit Central Park, New York, some fine morning you might see young Shep, the collie that is being trained to take the place of old Shep, the eighteen-year-old veteran, at his lessons. He is never whipped, not even when he does wrong or makes mistakes, because that breaks the spirit of a collie, as, indeed, of any other kind of dog, and a shepherd dog must of all things be brave. When he doesn't carry out an order correctly, or in such a way that the sheep can understand him, old Shep is sent with the same order and Shep Junior is made to keep still and watch him until it is executed. His first lesson is simply to guard a hat or a coat or stick thrown upon the grass by the shepherd, and he is left out with it sometimes until late in the evening to show him the importance of fidelity, the very first essential in a shepherd dog. Next he is taught to gather the sheep, to take them to the right, then to the left. After this he is sent on the trail of a lost sheep, with instructions to bring it back slowly. The most important lesson, and one young Shep has not yet learned, is that of going among the flock and finding out if any of them are missing. This, as may be imagined, is by no means an easy task with a flock of eighty-two ewes and sixty-nine lambs. But old Shep can do it, for he knows every member of the flock, though to the ordinary observer they all look almost alike. Indeed, old Shep can, if his master, the shepherd, is not mistaken, perform a feat more wonderful than this. The shepherd says that Shep, when uncertain whether some of the flock have not strayed up the bridle-path on their way home, while he was busy in keeping troublesome boys away, will take his stand at the gate of the fold and touch each sheep with his fore-paw as it passes in. At such times he has the air of a farmer counting his cattle as they come home at night, and he wears an expression as if his mind were occupied with an intricate sum in addition. Whether he is really counting the sheep or not cannot be said positively; but he has been known, after noting each sheep as it passed, to rush off up the bridle-path and return with a straggler. This does much to prove that the shepherd's assertion that old Shep can count the sheep is possibly not far from the truth.

Agates.

Scotland is famed for its agates, better known as "Scotch pebbles," which, although small compared with those found elsewhere, are yet unequalled in the variety and beauty of their colors. Scottish pebbles are found chiefly at Kinnoul Hill, near Perth, on the shore near Montrose, at Dunglass, and at Burn Aune, near Galston, Ayrshire, but whether they occur on the shore or in river gravels, they have been all previously washed out of trap rocks. The pebbles, cut by Edinburg lapidaries, are used in the manufacture of Scottish jewelry. The chief seat of the agate industry of the world, however, is at Oberstein, in Rhenish Bavaria, where it has been carried on for centuries. It arose there naturally enough, owing to the presence in the volcanic rocks of the neighborhood of an abundance of fine agates; but it has continued and extended long after those rocks have ceased to yield, or at least to be mined for, the raw material of the industry. The agate quarries of Oberstein were abandoned owing to the discovery, fully half a century ago, of a rich supply of those stones in the river gravels of Uruguay. Some German workers in agate, who had emigrated to that region, noticed the courtyard of a farmhouse paved with pebbles that reminded them of the agates of their native Oberstein. Specimens were accordingly sent home and cut, and the surmise proved correct. Since that time there has been a regular export of agate nodules from Uruguay to Oberstein, where they have long formed the staple material used in the agate mills. These "Brazilian agates," as they are called, when brought to Germany, are arranged in lots and sold by auction, stones of ordinary quality bringing, it is said, not more, usually than fifteen shillings per hundredweight. "German agates," are thus, for the most part, South American stones cut and polished at Oberstein. The extent of the industry has greatly increased with this accession of fresh material, and a few years ago there were no fewer than 153 agate mills, working 724 grindstones, and giving employment altogether to about 3000 persons. Cheapness of labor and a plentiful supply of water power have had much to do with the continuance of this industry at Oberstein. The labor is both ill-paid and severe. The agate worker, says Professor Rudler, who some years ago visited the mines and mills, "lies upon a low wooden grinding-stool, specially constructed to fit the chest and abdomen, leaving the limbs free; the hands are engaged in holding and grinding the agate, while the feet are firmly pressed against short stakes or blocks of wood screwed into the floor, the reaction enabling the grinder to press the agate with much force against the moving millstone. The friction thus produced causes the agate to glow with a beautiful phosphoresent light, and red carnelians under this treatment look, it is said, as if they were red hot. The millstones are of red sandstone, measure five feet in diameter, and generally make three revolutions per second. The finer agates are sliced by means of steel wheels and diamond or emery powder, but the coarser stones are simply chipped into shape and ground. Afterward they are polished on rotating cylinders of wood or lead covered with moistened tripoli.

The ingenuity of the agate worker is not confined merely to cutting, carving and polishing his material into all manner of shapes. He has also succeeded in varying its colors by artificial means. The layers composing an agate differ considerably in porosity, those that are transparent, for example, being less porous than opaque layers. Some, indeed, seem to be altogether impervious at ordinary temperature and pressure; and agate workers both at Oberstein and in India have availed themselves of this peculiarity in applying their staining processes. A suitable agate, after being thoroughly dried, is immersed in a mixture of honey and water or in olive oil, and is kept thus for at least three days, exposed to a moderate heat. It is then washed, dried and put into a vessel containing enough sulphuric acid to cover it. The vessel is thereafter exposed to a gentle heat for a varying number of hours, when the porous layers are found to have become much darker in color. The reason of this is that these layers, having become saturated with syrup or oil, are acted upon by the sulphuric acid, which decomposes the sugary or oily constituent and forms in its place a deposit of carbon. It is in this way that banded agate is converted into the onyx, with its black and white layers, used in the production of cameos and intaglios. Exposure to strong sunlight was long ago found to give a reddish tint to gray colored agates, and this suggested the burning of such stones so as to convert them into carnelians. At Oberstein, likely stones for this purpose are first dried thoroughly, then saturated in sulphuric acid, and afterward exposed in an earthenware crucible to a red heat. They are allowed to cool slowly, and are then seen to be of a bright red color. Not content with imitating the rarer natural varieties of agates, such as onyx and carnelian, German manufacturers have taken to staining agates blue and all sorts of colors unknown in the natural stones. Aniline dyes, as unnatural as they are fugitive, have also been lately used for agate staining. It is possible that the stones themselves may yet be artificially produced; indeed, according to King ("Natural History of Gems") a Florentine anatomist long ago accomplished the feat, although, unfortunately, the secret died with him. He is said to have petrified human viscera into real agates. "In the Hospital of San Spirito may be inspected still by the incredulous," says King, "a table-top made up of hearts, lungs, livers, etc., thus agatized into one large slab—meet board for a banquet of vampires!" Organic remains in agates are not unknown, for Bowerbank states that in the moss agates of Oberstein he has found microscopic organisms, and Dr. Heddle that he has found undoubted organic remains of considerable size in agates from Ayrshire and other localities.

Mock Marriages.

The light and frivolous way in which young people, more especially at the east, regard marriage is shown by the number of mock weddings which come to light in that section. Possibly to "make believe" marry is a juvenile amusement there, but if it is the number of sad denouements ought to admonish the elders that a little wholesome advice or correction would be in order.

The latest exploit of this kind occured in the vicinity of New York, where two young women at a party of some kind were mock married to two mischievous cadets. They were all in fun and the enjoyment of the nonsense must have been uproarious, but it transpired in a day or two that the man who performed the ceremony was a person authorized by law for such purpose, and that the young people were therefore legally bound to each other. In most states severe penalties have been prescribed for men falsely impersonating clergymen or magistrates and in those capacities assuming to perform marriage ceremonies. Many innocent girls have been lured to destruction by such means, and it has been found necessary to protect them, or at least to make that method of villainy exceedingly dangerous and unprofitable. The other style of mock marriage, while not to be classed in the same category, is in some respect quite as reprehensible. In the latter there is no well-defined conspiracy to deceive anybody, though both of the parties to such jimcracks do frequently find themselves deceived. It would not be out of place to legislate such performances into the realm of misdemeanors at any rate. The tendencies of the times seem to be favorable to the growth of the idea that marriage is a ceremony to be lightly entered into and its obligations to be easily put off. A mock marriage ought to be impossible in a private parlor or in any respectable company anywhere as a mock funeral.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a business man, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

If you would not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.

Nothing present is so barren but that there are fertile fields beyond.

Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself.

There is always a spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.

Converts who boast of their blessedness are not always the most stable.

The progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of man to error.

It is impossible to be a hero in anything, unless one is first a hero in faith.

The most important lesson of morality is this: Never do an injury to any one.

Kindness is the only charm permitted to the aged; it is the coquetry of white hair.

Until the vine-leaves of youth are faded, who knows their value or sweetness?

Many have felt the lash on their backs for want of a bridle upon their tongues.

The action is best that procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

You may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joy on the other side.

Remember that your good reputation is like an icicle. If it once melts, that's the last of it.

Freedom from low necessities can only come by reaching after higher satisfaction.

The hardest trial of the heart is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

To have thought far too little, we shall find in the review of life, among our capital faults.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

When are the best days in memory? Those in which we met a companion who was truly such.

A man who is able to employ himself innocently is never miserable. It is the idle who are wretched.

He is to be educated, because he is a man, and not because he is to make shoes, nails and pins.

When truth offends no one, it ought to pass out of the mouth as naturally as the air we breathe.

Never kick a man when he is down. It is cowardly. Never kick a man when he is up. It is reckless,

A slop hole at the back door will make doctor's bills enough to pay for draining the whole farm.

Hope is the only good which is common to all men; those who have nothing more, possess hope still.

Every spirit makes its own house, and we can give a shrewd guess from the house to the inhabitant.

To look forward profitably we must look back. Experience of the past is the best light for the future.

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity or envy.

If we fasten our attention on what we have, rather than on what we lack, a very little wealth is sufficient.

If we did but know how little some enjoy the thing they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.

Dry ashes applied to a cut will stop the bleeding, and will, if left on a few hours, hasten the healing process.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade; in short, in all management of human affairs.

True life is but a struggle, a growth toward manhood, an ever reaching forward and upward to the better that shall be.

Restraint and liberty go hand in hand in the development of character—indeed, without the former the latter is impossible.

Confidence and fear are almost one thing rather than two, when we speak of God. He that fears most trusts most. He tha ttrusts most fears most.

The action of man is a representative type of his thought and will; and a work of charity is a representative type of the charity within, in the soul and mind.

He seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to-day on the promises of to-morrow.

Honest or courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of its brightness, nor the moon of its effulgence.

Some favorable event raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

A man may usually be known by the books he reads as well as by the company he keeps for there is a companionship of books as well as of men: and one should always live in the best company whether it be of books or men.

Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty. This foundation is somewhat covered and veiled in nature; art brings it out and gives it more transparent forms. It is here that art when it knows well its powers and resources, engages in a struggle with nature in which it may have the advantage.

A silent look of affection and regard where all other eyes are turned coldly away—the consciousness that we possess the sympathy and affection of one being when all others have deserted us—is a hold, a stay, a comfort, in the deepest affliction which no health could purchase or power bestow.

Alas! how few of nature's faces are left to gladden us with their beauty! the cares, and sorrowings, and hungering of the world change them as they change hearts; and it is only when those passions sleep and have lost their hold forever, that the troubled clouds pass off and leave heaven's surface clear.

THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

Come, boys, the world wants mending,
Let none sit down and rest,
But set to work like heroes,
And nobly do your best.
Do what you can for fellow-man
With honest heart and true,
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

You can but do a little?
That little's something still,
You'll find a way for plenty
If you but have the will.
Untiring fight for what is right,
And God will help you through;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do

Be kind to those around you
To charity hold fast,
Let each think first of others,
And leave himself till last.
Act as you would have others should
Act always unto you;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

THE SPECTRE LOVER.

"Marion, you could not betray me—you could not love any other man than me? Speak to me, darling. Tell me in words as true and tender as mine to you, that your heart is mine for ever, as my heart will be yours for ever and for ever."

It was a lover who spoke—an ardent and passionate, but doubtful lover.

He was a tall, pale young man, strikingly handsome and distinguished in appearance.

His hair was like waving silk, so blonde and beautiful, that it might have given a character of effeminacy to a countenance less determined and characteristic.

His large blue eyes were so dark and so heavily fringed with long, thick lashes that they seemed black.

The girl who stood before him, and who returned his steadfast, loving gaze with half-averted eyes and a smile that was half fond, half scornful, was the sort of woman who is often dangerous to men, always troublesome to herself. She was a beauty and a coquette, and she was not wholly hardened or selfish. She had just enough heart to make trouble for herself and others, and to make her play badly in many small games of the affections which she had previously arranged in her head with great accuracy.

When she had begun her flirtation with Robert Norton, Marion Swayne had not in the least meant to be serious herself. She had intended all that sort of thing for her victim. To her dismay she discovered that her own feelings were considerably entangled, and much more than they had ever been before. The brilliant and fashionable Miss Swayne was absolutely in love with young Norton, a penniless man of letters, whose genius was yet to be proved, and whose path in literature was all uphill and heavy climbing.

Robert knew that she loved him, too—at least, as far as she was capable of loving him. His passion did not blind him to the lack of true depth in her affection for him. It was all the more hopeless, for he loved her profoundly in spite of all the faults he knew she possessed. While addressing her in ardent, lover-like phrases, he held both her delicate little hands, and gazed down on her with a look that might have burned into her soul.

As a picture of exquisite, entrancing beauty, she was worth gazing at. Small and slight, but with the waving grace and lithe strength of a willow tree, Marion gave the observer an impression both of fragility and nervous power. Her hair, brows, eyes and lashes were dark as midnight, but her complexion was of the creamy hue of the white camellia. Her vivid scarlet lips told of high health, exercise and animation.

"You don't speak to me, sweetheart," her lover continued, having waited some minutes for a respone. "Cannot you say that you love me, Marion, truly as I love you."

"Don't be so tragic, Robert," was the playful answer, while her lips parted in a bewitching smile. "Just see how you have hurt my hands. They are absolutely red and bruised from your violence. You know well enough that I love you—more than I love anyone in the world—and can never love anyone else at all. Will that satisfy you?"

For answer the impetuous lover covered the ill-treated little hands with kisses, gathered the child-like form in his arms, and held it close pressed to his heart.

"It must satisfy me, my darling—I suppose you could not love me as I do you—perhaps no woman could."

He added, with a sigh: "It may be that I am unreasonable to ask it—women must be so different from men."

Marion looked up with a half laugh, and wished in her inmost heart that she could tell this man, who loved her so, that there were women in the world who could love even as he did, and that he would do well to seek such a one and leave her to find a lover of her own stamp; her conscience, or what she called by that name, told her she should do so. But she would not listen to the inward voice.

Robert's caresses and passionate outbursts of tenderness were dear to her; it gratified her vanity and touched her heart, such as it was, more than any incense of the same kind had ever done before.

She answered: "I love you as I can, Robert, dear—for your sake I wish I was capable of a greater love."

But Robert was satisfied—it was the most sincere and affectionate speech that Marion had ever made to him, and the luminous, joyful look in his eyes thanked her more eloquently than words.

"You have filled my heart with joy, dearest—those kind words have given me courage to say that bitter word—Farewell! May all good angels guard you, Marion, till I hold you in these arms again. Do not fear for me, sweet one; with your love as my promised reward, I can attain to anything. You shall yet hear my name with true wifely pride. For your love I can dare all things, and win them, too; but without that to look forward to—I dare not think of that."

"And don't, dear Robert, for my love you will always have."

And for a moment Marion meant what she said, and really felt quite heroic.

Robert once more clasped her close to his heart with a vehemence that almost hurt her; but this time she did not complain, and a tearful mist dimmed her eyes when she found herself alone.

Marion read Robert's first letter with a warm glow at her heart, which she honestly mistook for the enthusiasm of first love, and she carried it about in her bosom for several days.

Under the effect of it she replied at once, and her answer was a very fair love-letter.

It remained for the rest of his life Robert's most precious earthly possession, and it was found close against his heart after he was dead.

Marion received Robert's frequent letters with less and less delight as they came more rapidly, with now and then a gentle reproach for her scanty replies, till at last she pooh-poohed them altogether, and ceased to answer them at all.

Rumors had reached Robert of an elderly, wealthy marquis, who, according to common report, was about to confer a title on the fair Marion, and bear her off to his ancestral home.

But Robert would not believe it. He resolutely closed his heart against a doubt of her faithlessness to him.

"To doubt her," he said, "is to die;" and he accounted for his darling's silence by assuring himself that she was ill. At last he could bear it no longer, and he resolved to see her. It was a lovely day in early summer when Robert, on his way toward Miss Swayne's house, reached the pretty Gothic church where he had first seen her, her lovely eyes devoutly fixed on the minister in the pulpit. He paused a moment, though his haste was great, to pay it the tribute of one loving look. As he did so the church door opened, and a gay wedding party issued forth. With a smile, and something like a half-murmured benediction, Robert stood aside and waited to see the bride. And he did see her.

The light left his eyes, and the color fled from his cheeks—his soul seemed to die within him—for the bride in pearly robe of glistening satin, and veil that swept the ground behind her, was Marion—his Marion—the woman who had sworn to be his wife. She leaned proudly on her husband's arm, a fine-looking old gentleman, the marquis, for whose title she would have bartered much more than her promise to Robert Norton. For one instant, as she passed him, Marion glanced aside and saw a face that seemed to have come from the grave—it was so still, so white, the look in the eyes so fixed and stony. She shrank and shuddered, a stifled scream left her lips, but with a strong effort she controlled herself and laughed off her agitation.

Robert was lost in the crowd, and she could have believed that her imagination had played her the trick of conjuring him up there. But Robert was avenged, although, perhaps, he never knew it.

Never did the fair young marchioness, whom he had known as Marion Swayne, close her eyes in sleep without seeing that white, despairing face that met her at the church door on her wedding day. Her sleep became a nightmare, and her waking hours were haunted by the ghastly visions of her sleep. In vain her adoring husband took her abroad, in vain he lavished on her every gaiety and pleasure that money could procure. Her heart was haunted by a spectre that could not be laid.

In despair the marquis at length brought his fair and fading young wife home to her own country and to her girlhood's home; and this move seemed a happy one.

For Marion passed the first night in her old home in peace and quiet, and for the first time since her marriage her dreams were undisturbed by visions of her betrayed lover.

She hardly dared to hope it might continue so, but contrary to her expectations, contrary to her fears, each succeeding night proved as tranquil as the first. Her health visibly improved. The color and rounded smoothness of her cheek came back, and her old, radiant beauty shone both in face and figure.

The marquis began to hope that he might with safety bear her away again. And although Marion somewhat dreaded the experiment, she thought she had overcome her nervous excitement sufficiently to venture on it.

The marquis had gone to London to attend to some necessary business arrangements, and she was expecting him home that same evening, as she suddenly remembered, while sitting in the moonlight indulging in dreams of future conquest. Suddenly the door bell rang loud and long, waking her from her dreaming fancies with a start.

"Ah, that must be he," thought Marion, and then, "why doesn't one of the servants open the door?"

Nearly a minute passed, and she heard no sound of anyone in answer to the loud and peremptory summons of the bell. She ran to the door, opened it, looked out in amazement, for no one was there; but a chill, cold air blew upon her, and she fancied that a shadow fell on her, and glided past her, along the hall, and into the apartment where she had been sitting. She cried out—

"Who is there?"

And ran back into the room too frightened to think whether she was afraid. There was no answer but as she entered she felt sure that the same shadow fell across her, and then she was distinctly conscious of the figure of a man standing before her, directly between her and the window. The same chill air seemed to blow upon her and to freeze the marrow in her bones, but a horrible fear forced her to go close to the figure and to look up into its face.

It was Robert Norton—more pale, more shadowy than on that far-off day when she last saw him at the church door—but not Robert Norton alive and in the flesh; that she knew; for, looking straight at him, she saw through and at the further side of that shadowy figure the chairs, the little table, the window-curtains, even the street in the moonlight beyond.

Still staring into the cold, white face, she saw the pallid, frozen lips move, and, although no sound issued from them, she knew the words they formed—

"You are mine, Marion, and you must come with me."

Slowly the figure melted away into the air, and was gone.

Without a cry or sigh, Marion fell as if struck with death, and when her husband and his servants entered she still lay there, white, motionless, senseless.

The young marchioness never recovered—she only revived from one swoon to fall into another. And when the new day dawned its first rosy beams flushed a cold, dead face that could never flush again.

Marion was buried in the little graveyard of the pretty church where she was married. A second funeral procession entered at the same moment, by the opposite gate. And the mourners said among each other:

"How strange! The funerals of Marion and Robert Norton in the same hour."

"Where will they be laid?"

"Side by side," replied another, who had seen the two new graves.

So the roses and the violets that grew above their ashes grew together, intermingled their blossoms, and dropped their leaves on these two graves; while those whom death alone had brought together mouldered into dust beneath.

The Cork Trade.

At present we depend for cork upon the countries bordering the Mediterranean. In these countries the actual market value of cork is ten times what it was at the beginning of the century, and it is likely to go still higher. In Sardinia, Sicily and Naples, extensive cork plantations are being destroyed for the purpose of obtaining the tannin of superior quality yielded by the bark and carbonate of soda from the ashes of the wood. This destruction has been going on for years, while planting has not even replaced the trees destroyed, except in France and its African dependency. As long ago as 1822 the French government appropriated 4,500 francs, which were to be divided among those who, planting in 1823, should possess at the expiration of ten years plantations of 10,000 vigorous saplings. In 1834 only three persons had been entitled to the reward. But France has now over 500,000 acres of cork plantations in Algiers, yielding a considerable revenue to the state.

About fifty years ago the Spanish government began to encourage the planting of the cork oak, and the number of trees in that country has increased. This increase would have been greater but for the fact that, while in some provinces cork has become the chief source of wealth, in others many proprietors destroyed their trees in order to clear their ground for more valuable productions. The cork oak grows to the height of fifty feet. In Algeria and the Spanish province of Estremadura the development of the tree is somewhat greater. The tree reaches a great age. It continues to grow for 150 or 200 years, and after its growth it still yields cork, though of an inferior quality. In some parts of Spain it is customary to destroy the tree when the quality of its cork begins to deteriorate. In Europe the tree is met with as high as 55 degrees north, but it needs a warm climate. In France and in Spain it is found 1,600 feet above the level of the sea, while in Algeria it occurs at double that altitude. The tree can bear a minimum average annual temperature of 55 degrees Fahrenheit. It prefers land sloping to the southward and near the sea. Granite lands and slaty, sandy and silicious soils are very unsuitable, and it does not take kindly to damp soil. It grows spontaneously in virgin soil where silico or silico-argillaceous compounds abound. Lands suitable for the vine are also suitable for the cork.

Over-Eating.

The late Gen. Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, died literally of over-eating. By the direction of Dr. Schwenninger, the daily meals of the General were divided into six portions, and the hour was fixed when to take each meal. But Todleben, who never in his life had listened to the advice of doctors, laughed at Dr. Schwenninger's instructions. "The doctor is mistaken," he said; "my organism is weakened, and needs strengthening; my good appetite is a clear proof of this." The six meals were taken, but at each of them he ate all the six portions assigned for the whole day. Thus three weeks went by. The condition of the patient did not grow worse, and the day was fixed for him to start for Russia, when he fainted suddenly during a walk. He had hardly reached his residence after recovering consciousness when he asked for the bill of fare. When it was given to him he expressed his astonishment at having received a blank sheet of paper—he had lost his sight. His feet had for some time past shown signs of dropsy, but, curiously enough, the General had hidden this from those around him. He fought indomitably against the disease, but in vain. Two days before his death he lost consciousness, and died on the day which had been fixed for his return to Russia.

Died of Joy.

Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, occupying the chair of state. Muley Moloch, upon seeing his army give way, rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The door keeper of Congress expired on hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it had suddenly subsided. Lagrave, a young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he contended was adjudged to another. Hill, of New York, was apprehended in theft, taken before the police, and, though before in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils, and he was carried out dead.

The Country Played Out.

"I came up on the Graham from Cincinnati. I worked my way up on deck. I left Cairo, Ill., three weeks ago Monday. The country's played out."

The foregoing was the addendum to a request for money enough to get a meal made by a tramp on the levee recently to a reporter. The mendicant looked like the snapped out end of a hard winter, and evidently had divorced himself from the allurements of soap and water in the remote past.

"What do you mean when you say the country is played out?" asked the man with the pencil.

"Why, I mean that this used to be the season of the year when work was so plenty in the west a man didn't have to do any. It's harvest time, you know, and seven years ago, or so, a man could travel clean from Belleville, central Illinois, up into the middle of Minnesota and get all he wanted to eat and drink without doing a tap of work."

"What has caused the alteration?"

"Farm machinery. That's what's killing the West. The wheat harvest commences in southern Illinois in the middle or latter part of June. The harvest hands used to go down there and follow up the ripening grain into Will county, that state. There they'd cross over by Rock Island into Scott county, Iowa, and follow the reapers clear into Minnesota, in the middle of September. By that time grain would be in stack and threshing commenced. They used to work the threshing right back on the same route they followed up the harvest, and reach St. Louis with a pocketful of money in November."

"With enough saved to keep them all winter, I presume?"

"Naw. With enough to go on a hallelujah drunk and then skip out south for the cotton field and stave timbers and ditching."

"And how is it now?"

"It's all played out. Seven or eight years ago the farmers used to fight to get men to go into the harvest field and pay them $3 and $3.50 a day and their board. The men were independent as hogs on ice, and only took a job just when it suited them. They'd work a week or so and then go off on a bum for another week in the nearest town, and when the money was all gone steer for the harvest field again. Thousands and thousands of men followed that sort of life, and the people along the harvest range were so used to them that when a man knocked at the back door in a town, the woman of the house would open it with a hunk of bread in one hand and a chunk of meat in another, and never ask nary a question. But they invented the 'harvester' first off, where one man drove and two men rode on the machine and bound. You see in the old style seven men used to hold stations after a reaper, but when they invented the harvester that knocked five of them out of a job. Then they invented the 'wire-binder,' where the machine does all the work of cutting and binding—some of them with cord and some with wire, and only one man is employed, and he drives. That knocks the whole seven out. I'll bet there used to be 20,000 men followed that harvest range every year, and now they ain't got a job."

"Where have they gone to?"

"Gone to the devil, I 'spose," and the disgusted ex-harvester sauntered up the levee.

How Alboni Turned the Tables.

The celebrated singer Marietta Alboni was noted for her courage and sang-froid. On the eve of a performance to be given in Trieste she was informed of the existence of a plot to hiss her off the stage. Having ascertained the names of her detractors and where they could be found, she donned male attire, her tall robust figure and short hair helping to complete the disguise, and went to the cafe where the conspirators held their rendezvous. She found them in full consultation. After listening a while the lady addressed the ringleader as follows:

"I hear you intend to play a trick on somebody. I am very fond of a practical joke myself, and should be glad if you would allow me to join you on this occasion."

"With pleasure," was the reply. "We intend to hiss an operatic singer off the stage this evening."

"Indeed! What has she been guilty of?"

"Oh, nothing, except that, being an Italian, she has sung in Vienna and Munich to German audiences; and we think she ought to receive some slight castigation for her unpatriotic conduct."

"I quite agree with you; and now please tell me what I have to do."

"Take this whistle. At a signal to be given at the conclusion of the air sung by Rosina the noise will begin, in which you have only to join."

"I shall do so without fail," replied Alboni, and put the whistle in her pocket.

On the following evening the house was crowded from floor to ceiling. The opera was "Il Barbiere di Seviglio." The opening airs, sung by Almaviva and and Figaro, both favorites of the public, were received with great applause. Then Madame Alboni as Rosina appeared on the stage. At the moment when she was about to address her tutor, a few of the conspirators began to set up a row without waiting for the signal. The lady, without showing the slightest concern, advanced to the footlights, and holding up the whistle which was attached to her neck by a ribbon, said with a knowing smile:

"Gentlemen, are you not a little before your time? I thought we were not to commence whistling until after I had sung the air."

There was a death-like stillness. Then suddenly thundering applause, begun by the conspirators themselves, resounding from all parts of the house; Alboni had gained the day. Before the audience retired she was called eleven times before the curtain, and received showers of wreaths and bouquets.

Who seeks a friend without a fault, remains without one.

The Jockeys at Saratoga.

It has been just warm enough to stir equine blood to its keenest endeavor without causing discomfort to the looker on—a happy middle ground of temperature rarely granted the frequenter of the race course. Breezes have wafted through the grand stand, ruffling the leaves in the adjacent trees and rendering fans quite superfluous. With such days and with such fields of entries, as those which mark many of the events of the programme, it is certainly no matter of surprise that the now filled-up Saratoga pours out a flood of spectators that fills the grand stand, the quarter stand and the plaza. The great red omnibuses, the hacks and private vehicles by the score contribute the throng which about noon pours like water in a mill-race through the arched entrances of the grounds and upon the stands. The fair sex has been out in full force of late, and many who are not at all turfy in their nature or conduct grace the races with their presence. The betting is by no means confined to the masculine gender. Some of the ladies buy French pool tickets direct of the white-capped agents, who pass around among the spectators on the grand stand; others send out scouts, who take away crisp greenbacks and bring back little pasteboard tickets incribed with hieroglyphics which cause their fair owners to smile and look conscious as they tuck them away in their little reticules, whether they smile at the conclusion of the races or not.

The trainers, riders, exercise boys, grooms and owners number well into the hundreds. The boys live and sleep comfortably and are very sociable. Occasionally one negro boy will call another a "corn-field nigger," and this usually means a fight, but never a very serious one. One trainer here is called the "man who never sleeps in a house." His couch is of boards resting on supports about three feet from the ground, and consists of straw and horse covers. From the richest driver to the poorest stable-boy, all bet on their favorites. The boys are great lovers of pastry, and after a lucky hit patronize the pie counter liberally. All the boys are ambitious to become jockeys. Ten dollars for a mount and $25 for a win, besides donations, bring up visions of colossal piles of pie, and dreams of being chosen leading riders for great racing stables land them in an imaginary paradise.

Ordinary riders only take up permanent quarters at the stables. Such jockeys as McLaughlin, Blaylock, Holloway and other stars live at hotels or private houses. During the winter many jockeys fatten up to a dangerous extent for their calling. McLaughlin weighs about 140 pounds in holiday times, and rides as light as 105. The old methods of burying up to the neck in fertilizing heaps and swallowing powerful cathartics are discarded. The overweight jockey wraps himself in woollen garments called sweaters, and then starts off on a ten-mile tramp. They generally take a country road and walk out five miles and back. By this course they reduce themselves from three to five pounds a day.

Historic Pipes.

There are many old pipes in New York handed down from one generation to another. William H. Vanderbilt has in his possession a short black pipe which his father was wont to smoke in the days when the jolly old Comodore tugged at an oar in his Jersey wherry. It is not known with what emotions the burly son views this relic which reminds him of his humble origin. A scorched corn-cob pipe in the private desk of ex-President Grant is one which his honest father smoked as he wielded his grubbing hook in Ohioan wilds to maintain his humble family. The Vanderlips of Murray Hill passed from sire to son an ugly and broken stone pipe of Indian workmanship. They claim that it is one smoked by General Washington on a winter night beside the hospitable hearthstone of old Diedrich Vanderlip, who lived during the revolution in a low, stone house on the banks of the Hudson, near Tarrytown.

Yet another pipe around which historical reminiscences cluster belongs to a gentleman on Fifth avenue. It is known to be 104 years old; how much more ancient there is no record to show. It was smoked during the days of the first Napoleon, and its cheerful glow has helped its owner through many weary hours in a dungeon beneath a Prussian fortress, where he was confined for his participation in the break for liberty in '48. A successor afterward drew inspiration from it on the deck of an immigrant ship, dreaming of a bright future in the land of promise, and its present possessor now draws consolation from its time-stained stem in the sumptuous library of a palatial residence.

As a flock of geese saved Rome from the barbarous invader, so pipes are said to have preserved New York city. Washington Irving chronicles that when the British fleet entered the harbor to take New Amsterdam the sturdy old Dutchmen ranged themselves on the water's edge and smoked so vigorously that they raised a dense cloud of smoke that completely enveloped the town, hiding it from the enemy. But even in these days there were people who disliked tobacco, and one, Rip Van Abeel, objected to this novel smoke entrenchment on the ground that "ye people will believe yat a sacrifice is offerying to ye Evil One." Nor was Rip alone in attributing to tobacco the doubtful qualities necessary to the propitiation of Satan. In modern times Dr. Adam Clark, famed for his learned commentaries on the Bible, and whose detestation for pork and smoke were alike powerful, once announced that if he was going to offer a sacrifice to the devil, it would be a roast pig stuffed with tobacco.

A Western editor in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says "that is because there is so much due on it."

One of our policemen who had been laid up with a sore hand remarked that while he had a felon on a finger, he couldn't lay a finger on a felon.

The Bastinado.

Said a writer from Egypt the second time that I presented myself at the Prefecture, I was compelled to witness, much against my will, the punishment of the bastinado inflicted on three unfortunate Arabs. I must ask my readers to overcome their repugnance and accompany me to the place of torture. His Excellency Osman Bey is seated on the divan of a large room of cold and sinister aspect, the floor covered with large slabs and lighted by high windows looking on the street. Near him, before a little table covered with green baize, sits his secretary.

As I walk up the room a clock strikes the hour of two. The Prefect offers me his hand, and at his invitation I take a seat by his side. Then a negro, clad in a long white robe and wearing on his head an enormous yellow turban, brings me a little cup of coffee and a bundle of cigarettes. As I hand back my cup to this imposing servitor, three Arabs, escorted by two guards, are led before the Prefect. These unfortunates seem to belong to the poorest of the people. Their feet are bare, their clothing is worn and ragged, their hands tremble convulsively, their eyes are haggard, and their faces twitch in apprehension as they listen in mournful silence to the words addressed to them by the Prefect. But they answer his questions with feverish vivacity, and after the exchange of a few words two of the prisoners are led from the room. Then five men enter. These are the torturers and nothing more fell or hang-dog than their looks can be imagined. Four of them seize the Arab who is still standing before the Prefect, and the poor wretch, as he is cast on the ground, throws at him a glance eloquent with agony and fear, but the great man's countenance remains fixed and impassive, and he makes no sign of grace.

The victim was then placed on one of the slabs with his chest resting on the stone, in which position he was held by two of the executioners. Two others next raised his legs until his feet were in a horizontal position, a position in which they were retained by means of a cord fastened to either end of a stick. Each man held the stick with one hand while with the other he kept fast hold of one of the Arab's legs. In the grip of these four powerful and expert men it was impossible for him to move and almost impossible for him to writhe. On this the fifth torturer, who had taken no part in the preliminary proceedings, came forward, holding in his hand a sort of lash consisting of five strands of twisted gut or hide. The face of this man was singularly hideous and repulsive—the yellow and tawny skin, the low forehead, the round eyes, dull and fixed, the thick, black eyebrows, the unbearded chin retreating from coarse, thick lips, the the creased and furrowed cheeks imparted to the countenance of the chief executioner an air of ferocious and bestial stupidity.

The tormenter raised his arm and struck with the regularity of a pendulum the upturned feet of his helpless victim. At the fourth stroke the Arab uttered a cry of pain, and at every fresh stroke the cry was repeated. But soon the cry became a scream, the flagellated flesh visibly shuddered, and the soles were seamed with red livid streaks. Sitting silently on my cushion, chewing mechanically the tobacco of my extinguished cigarette, I could not help shivering with horror at the sight of so much suffering. I felt as if I were under the influence of some terrible nightmare. Osman Bey, his secretary, the five executioners, with their stern and sinister features, looking unmoved on so cruel a sight, seemed for a moment rather the creations of a disordered imagination than beings of flesh and blood; but the heavy thud of the strokes and the screams of the victim recalled me to the realty which I was so reluctantly witnessing. Then the punishment ceased, and the Arab, with ghastly face and body shaken with a feverish trembling, had to incline himself respectfully before the man by whose order he had been so cruelly tormented. Helped by a guard,—for his maimed and bleeding feet refused to support him,—he was then led, still moaning with agony, from the torture chamber. The two other Arabs were afterwards punished in like manner.

Among the Clouds.

A party visited the newly-opened observatory on Ben Nevis, and the following words of description are suggestive of similar scenes on Mount Washington: The road was found to be in passable condition to the lake; above that it was almost entirely obliterated with snow, and the ascent of the upper half of the mountain was found to be a very stiff piece of work. At the top they received a cordial greeting from the residents, who assured them that they were finding life very tolerable in that high latitude. Curiously enough, though the house was surrounded by several feet of snow, there was none on the roof, the wind having swept it clean off the smooth surface. A day or two previous the inmates found the western door completely snowed up, and had to go through the operation of digging themselves out in order to reach their instruments, an experience which is likely to prove common enough during the winter. The house was found to be completely air and water tight, and very comfortable. Three days later, though the thermometer showed seven degrees of frost outside, the observers were able to work indoors in their shirt-sleeves. They are provisioned for six months. A second stove for cooking purposes has been fitted up. They are well supplied with literature of various kinds, chiefly scientific, and they are looking forward very hopefully to their winter's isolation. The telegraph wire has now been completed to the top and is in working order, so that they can at any moment put themselves in communication with their friends at Fort William. Already some curious differences in the atmospheric conditions of the two levels have been noticed. When a storm has been raging at Fort William it has been calm and serene weather at the top of the mountain.

The more a person wants, the less will do him good.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

Better three hours too early than one minute too late.

Jones (to family physician)—"Hello, Brown. Make many calls New Year's?" Brown (professionally)—"No, I called the day after."

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept. 10, '84

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

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BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Aug., 1884.*

LOCAL ITEMS.

— A male teacher wanted for the Centre Hall grammar school. Term 5 months.

——All the good cakes eaten at picnics this summer, were made from groceries purchased at Sechlers.

——Dr. Geo. S. Kembel died at Mifflinburg, on 4. He was a surgeon in the late war, and a skilled physician.

——Laf. Neff, Chairman of the Executive Com., gives notice of the 11th annual granger pic-nic in another column.

——Mr. D. C. Keller, after a residence of nearly three years at Bellefonte, has again become a citizen of Centre Hall.

— There is considerable complaint in this county of potatoes rotting in the ground and some after they are taken out.

——Mr. C. Struble, of College township we are informed, will have about 1500 bushels of apples. He is one of the few fortunate ones.

——Gust. Wolf, formerly of this place, now of Keiser, W. Va., is here on a visit, and gave our sanctum a call. He likes the section he lives in.

——The most popular store in the county to get good ready-made clothing is at the Philad. Branch. Only the very best stock kept on hand.

——The Republican Co. Committee have placed Dr. Fisher, of Boalsburg, on their ticket for associate judge, in place of Bernard Lauth, who declined.

——Our genial friend Spigelmyer, at Spring Mills, we judge, will make as much noise as possible for Ben Butler. Spigy sticks to the greenback boat, no matter how low the water gets.

——None of the presidential booms equal Sechler's boom for fine, pure, and cheep groceries. Why, everybody is talking about the remarkably fine stock that is constantly kept on hand.

——The citizens of Penn township will have a special election on Saturday, 20th September, to decide upon the removal of the place of holding the election for that township from Millheim to the hotel at Coburn.

——Mr. Jas. A. M'Clain, candidate for Register, and Charles Smith, candidate for Treasurer, called in our sanctum the other day. They are two of the most popular men on the Democratic ticket, and in company with Gov. Curtin and Joe Forey, were on a pleasure trip through our valley.

——The *Republican* says the Mexican Pavilion for the display of articles for the New Orleans Exposition has been allotted to Hoover, Hughes & Co., of Snow Snoe, who have contracted to erect a building 300 feet square by first of December next. Material will be prepared at their mills at Philipsburg and shipped by rail to the destination.

——Two sons of Reuben Harter, one day last week, killed nineteen gray squirrels, in the woods below Madisonburg. Same day Mr. D. A. Musser, one of the best marksmen of Millheim, was on same ground, we are told, and did not get any. Luck with hunters runs as queer sometimes as fishing does with the anglers. Some have good luck, while others fishing over the same ground, can't get a bite, except from a gnat.

——The youngsters (or old-sters) of this place seemed to have been on the rampage a few nights ago. They interfered somewhat with the pleasures of a birth-day party by lifting an ice-cream freezer, filled with tempting ice-cream, from its moorings and transporting it to parts unknown to tickle the palate of the unwashed lovers of good things. The uninvited may have enjoyed it as a good joke, but not so the others. The ice cream by this time has no doubt gone up the spout—or down the gullet—but the fellows enjoying it should by all means see that the freezer is returned in good condition, with as much cash as the cream is worth.

——A sad and possibly fatal accident befell Mr. Jacob Metzler, of the Loop, on Monday. He was engaged in sawing down trees on the Huston timber land, about 1½ miles east of Centre Hall, operated by Mr. Moyer, of Lebanon Co. A large tree which another party had sawed off was about to fall and as Mr. Metzler was trying to get out of its reach, he spied a tin vessel which would be crushed by the falling tree, and thinking to remove it, he delayed a moment, and was struck by the top of the tree. His one leg above the knee was crushed, and he received several ugly bruises about the front and back part of his head, rendering him insensible. His condition is critical. Dr. Jacobs was at once called and is doing all in his power to relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate man.

——The Penn'a R. R. special excursion to the state fair and electoral exhibition, at Philadelphia, will run on Wednesday, Sept. 17, at rate of one fare for round trip, including admission to the fair. Train leaves Spring Mills at 5:50 a. m. on 17th, for $6.76. Same train leaves Coburn at 6:18, fare $6.54 for round trip, arrive at Philadelphia at 3:15 p. m. Tickets will be good for return on regular trains until Thursday, Sep. 18.

——Ladies can find an excellent stock of slippers, gaiters, etc., at Doll's new shoe store. Everything new, best quality, latest styles, and cheaper than elsewhere in Centre county.

——A little son of Mr. Nathaniel Boob, living about 1½ miles west from this place, a short time ago fell from a fence and broke his wrist.

——The closing week of August and the beginning of September so far, have been exceedingly warm, we do not think the sun was so stinging hot any time this summer, as now. Every body is sighing for rain that we may have a cooler atmosphere.

—About this time, as the almanacs say, folks are beginning to dry and can fruit for the winter season. This is always attended with more or less worriment and trouble, and is exceedingly unpleasant for the ladies. Now what is the use of inconvienencing yourself when you can get canned and dries fruit, of the best quality remember, at Sechlers, Bellefonte, much cheaper than you can put them up yourself. They make a specialty in this line, and can save money for those who lay in a stock from their grocery.

— Young men, when you take your sweetheart to the Grangers' pic-nic, on 18, you want to appear in good, neat fitting clothing, and to get a nice suit you will have to go to the Philad. Branch, where prices are the lowest and goods the best.

——Sugar cured hams, dried beef, canned and dried fruit, cheese, sugar, tea, coffee, spices—in short, groceries of every kind and description are kept at Sechlers, and at prices that will astonish you. Give them a call if you want unadulterated goods.

——We are sorry to learn that R. G. Brett, the Democratic nominee for Prothonotary, has found it necessary to visit Cincinnati to consult a physician in regard to his health. Bob has been a hard-working Democrat and worked hard to gain the nomination; hence we trust he will be restored in health to reap the benefits of an election to the position so long coveted.

——Now that the fall and winter season is approaching people are beginning to make preparations, and for those who are in want of clothing for men or boys, we can give no better advice than to purchase their suits, underwear, neckties, hats, caps, etc., at the famous Philad. Branch. The clothing kept there is first class in every particular and compares very favorably with clothing made to order. All well dressed persons patronize the Philad. Branch.

——A great many people are astonished at the low prices at which Lewins disposes of his immense stock of ready-made gent's furnishing goods. Lewins' motto is small profits and quick sales and thus he manages to sell his goods at least 15 per cent. lower than elsewhere. Call at the Philad. Branch and see whether this is not true.

The English papers report, for the first time in eight years, the prospect of full barns and well stocked graneries, and say there has been no such wheat crop there since 1874.

— The sale of the farm of John Love, dec'd, in Potter, has been postponed from Sept. 6 to Sept. 20.

If the Maine voter is as sluggish as the Vermont voter, the Plumed Knight may well ask some of the "old pastors" to offer up prayers.—Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

Next time Gen. Butler wishes to hold a massmeeting in New York he will not go the expense of renting a whole hall. The keyhole will answer the purpose.—Philad. Inquirer.

Now that Editor Dana has espoused Butler's cause Mr. St. John seems to be the only candidate who has not been sunstruck in one way or another at some time in his life.—Chicago News.

Blaine and Logan as civil-service reformers and Ben Butler as anti-monopolist relieve American politics of all suspicion, pretense and deception. The world has become honest at a single step.—St. Louis Republican.

Steve Elkins is said to be pious, but it has not been observed that his pantaloons have any unusual tendency to bag at the knees. If Steve should succeed in praying a few dollars into the party barrel there would be no doubt of the genuine and fervid character of his piety.—Chicago Times.

Remarked by R. C. Joiner, of Allen P. O., Hillsdale county, Mich.: Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—believe it infallible for rheumatics.

Ayer's Ague Cure acts directly on the liver and biliary aparatus, and drives out the malarial poison which induces liver complaints and bilious disorders. Warranted to cure, or money refunded.

While John Currier and five others, including his wife, were driving to the town of Dodge Centre, Illinois, lightning struck his wife, killing her instantly. Both horses were also killed.

During a fire in a surphur mine near Nicosia, Sicily, thirty miners were killed.

Farmers in the Ohio Valley are reported to be feeding wheat in place of corn to their swine, having plenty of new wheat and very little or no old corn.

THE BOLD ROBBERY AT WILLIAMSPORT.

[Gazette and Bulletin.]

One of the most daring and successful robberies ever perpetrated in Williamsport occurred on Saturday, 30 ult, at the postoffice, the circumstances of which are as follows:

A few minutes before noon, at a time when there were only three employes in the office, Mr. Edward E. Shay, chief clerk, David A. Sloatman, mailing clerk, and the clerk at the general delivery window, a boy appeared at the right-hand delivery window of Postmaster Burrows' private office and said to the chief clerk: "Mr. Shay, ther's a gentleman in a buggy out front who says he wants to see you." Mr. Shay, with pen in hand, immediately went out through the office to the front. On appearing at the door of the entrance to the ladies' department, the man who had sent for him, said apologetically: "Mr. Shay, I'm sorry to have brought you out, but I'm lame, and can't get out of the buggy. What I want to ask is, how must I go about it to get samples of seeds from the department at Washington?" Mr. Shay replied that he was not able to give him the information desired, but supposed that the proper way to secure them would be through the congressman of his district. Mr. Shay then returned to his desk, the entire time of his absence from it not occupying over three minutes.

DISCOVERY OF THE ROBBERY.

The object of the man in the buggy calling the chief clerk to the street was fully learned a few minutes before three o'clock in the afternoon. It was pay day at the postoffice, and Mr. Shay had occasion to get something out of the safe; while doing this his attention was attracted to the stamp packages, they now appearing exactly like the genuine article. A brief examination revealed the fact that three thousand five hundred dollars in postage stamps had been stolen from the safe. Not long after this he bethought him of the visit from the man in the buggy, and he felt convinced that the stamps disappeared about that time. These stamps were in four packages containing each fifty thousand two-cent stamps, and the other package fifty thousand one-cent stamps—two hundred thousand stamps in all, their value being, as stated above, $3,500. It was further discovered that the thief had substituted four "dummy" packages for the stolen packages. They were very ingeniously gotten up, being almost exactly the size of the stamp packages, and like the genuine ones, each had a label on the end—the two cent stamp packages being printed in red ink, and the one cent packages in blue ink. These imitations were cut out of an old advertising card, and bore the names of L. L. Stearns, Peter O. Dox, proprietor of the European Hotel, and Williamsport steam coffee and spice mills, Burch & Mussina, proprietors. The light brown cover of each package was fastened with sealing wax, and the contents consisted of sheets of coarse straw paper the size of postage stamps sheets.

Directly after the discovery of the robbery Chief Police McKean was telephoned for, and upon his arrival at the office was informed of what had happened. Shay furnished a description of the man in the buggy, which was that he seemed to be a man about thirty years old, intelligent looking, wearing a sandy mustache and weighing about 150 pounds. He was dressed in dark clothing and wore a light colored derby hat. The horse and buggy, it was learned, had been hired at Jas. McCollum's livery stable, on Court St., near Black Horse alley. It was shortly after 12 o'clock when the return was made to the livery stable, the man on getting out of the buggy stated that he returned earlier than he expected on account of the companion he had with him getting drunk. A colored man, who was on Black Horse alley about the time the robbery occurred, says he saw a man in blue clothing and satchel in hand turn out of State street into Black Horse alley and walked very fast toward Market st. This evidently was the man who had the stolen packages of postage stamps. The police, after getting all the information they could relating to the case, gave attention to the different railroad stations.

HOW THE WORK WAS DONE.

At the time Mr. Shay was called to the front of the postoffice, the door of the safe, which stands in the southeast corner of the postmaster's private office, was open; a window close to it, looking out on State street, was open about a foot high at the bottom, and the door back of the safe, leading to State street, was standing open. To get at the safe in the private office from this door, the thief, who some think made his entrance there, had to walk about thirty feet. The mailing clerk at that time was working at his table opposite the door, and had his back turned to it, and the thief probably wore slippers or gum shoes. He could have laid the dummy packages on the sill of the window that was hoisted, before entering the office, and in a couple of seconds could have substituted them for the postage stamps. Some think that the fellow was concealed behind the safe door, and others think he climbed through the window when the boy presented himself to inform Mr. Shay of the man in the buggy desiring his presence. It is possible that the boy was a confederate and climbed through the window as soon as Mr. Shay disappeared, as the third confederate may have been out near the window on State street, to receive the postage stamps and hand the dummy packages in.

THE STARVING SURVIVORS OF A WRECK KILL AND EAT ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.

London, September 7.—The crew of the yacht Mignonette was rescued after being many days in an open boat. They captured a turtle on the fourth day they were out after the sinking of the yacht on the 18th of June, then seven days without food and five without water. They discussed the casting lots which should die that others might live, but were unable to agree. The next day they determined to kill the boy Parker. Capt. Dudley opened the jugular vein with a penknife, and the boy died instantly. The survivors, the captain and two seamen drank the murdered boy's blood and sustained life by eating his flesh until they were rescued by the ship Montezuma on the 5th of July. The reason assigned for determining upon the boy's death is that he suffered the most from the thirst and was unmarried. When rescued the men looked like skeletons. They will be charged with murder.

——Rev. Miller has leased a timber tract of 4000 acres in Nippanose valley, and is now removing his sawmill and engines from the Seven Mountains and will plant them on the lease above mentioned. Hope he will make lots of money in his new field of lumber operations.

TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF GROUND SETTLE DOWN.

Five Hundred Miners Thrown Out of Work at Port Bowkley—Great Damage Done—Immense Fall of Rocks.

Wilkesbarre, Sept. 5.—The Enterprise mine at Port Bowkley was this morning the scene of the most extensive cave-in that has occurred in this region for years, nearly one hundred acres of ground settling from four to six feet. The Lehigh Valley railroad tracks sank five feet and traffic was stopped for some hours. The air in the mine was driven with the violence of an explosion and forced its way out of the shaft, almost totally wrecking the inside workings. The ground is covered with seams and cracks for several hundred feet and five houses belonging to miners in the employ of the company are wrecked.

It is feared the mine is ruined. It is now full of gas and water from the river and is pouring through the fissures in the ground. The mules in the mine were taken out in safety, five hundred persons are thrown out of employment. The owner of the mine was offered $300,000 last week for his interest in the coal left but declined the offer.

A second fall took place at nine o'clock this evening. The cave-in now embraces fully 250 acres, extending from the Susquehanna river up a hill to a fan house of the mine, a distance of half a mile. The fall of rock this evening is thought to have been enormous. Six mules were killed. Even if the mine is not flooded out it will be at least one year before it can be put in working order. It is difficult to estimate the loss, but it will reach fully $500,000.

PART OF A RAILROAD SINKS.

Shenandoah, Pa., Sept. 4.—This afternoon the main line of the Lehigh Valley railroad sank about three feet. The crack is 150 feet long and four feet wide. All trafic is suspended and delaying large excursion parties from Delano and Glenonoko.

SECRETARY FOLGER DEAD.

Geneva, N. Y., September 4.—Secretary Folger died at his home in Geneva at 4:55 o'clock this afternoon. It was so sudden that time was not offered to summon his children to his bedside and neither of them were here.

Mr. Folger was Arthur's Secretary of the Treasury.

WHY?

The surplus in the United States treasury is rapidly approaching an aggregate of Five Hundred Millions of Dollars.

The increase of this dead capital in the treasury unnecessarily wrung from the people goes on at the rate of One Hundred Millions of Dollars per annum.

This is the result of the deliberate refusal of the republicans in congress to reduce taxation to the actual requirements of the government.

Mr. Blaine in his letter of acceptance endorsed this stupid and wicked oppression of the tax-payers and proposes to distribute the unnecessary taxes to the several states.

Taxes that are not requisite to carry on the government should remain in the pockets of the people.

If the Four Hundred and odd Millions now lying idle in the treasury had not been taken from the people, many industries would not have been forced into bankruptcy and thousands of working men would not be out of employment.

In order to increase the REPORTER during the campaign, we offer the following inducements: Any one sending us four names, with 60 cents, for each, we will send the REPORTER to March 4, 1885, on trial, and a COPY FREE to the sender for the same period. If the sender of the four names is one of our present subscribers, we will add the above period to his credit. Every reader should be able to get four trial names at the low price of 60 cents, and help the spread of Democratic arguments.

The Democrats carried the town of Bennington, Vermont, last week, for the first time in many years. The leaven of Reform is at work even among the Green Mountains.

SOMETHING ABOUT ROSES.

There is an infinite variety of stories about roses. Frederick the Great was walking in the garden of Potsdam with Voltaire, and asked the amusing Frenchman for a rose. He picked one and presented it to the king, with the remark that it had grown beneath his majesty's laurels. Luther had a rose graven on his seal. At Santiago, in Chili, whenever a stranger is received in the house each of the ladies of the family offer him a rose. To show the preference which Madame de Genlis entertained for old men above old women she was fond of saying that oaks improved with time, but roses faded. It may be mentioned, in passing that Madame de Genlis has the credit of having introduced the first moss roses ever seen in France. Among the Greeks, the Romans, and the Gauls parsley, ivy, myrtle, and roses were looked upon as valuable remedies for people who had drunk more wine than was good for them. In Capua roses were employed by the local medical men as tonics, good for stomachs fatigued by over-eating. A decoction of roses was supposed to have excellent astringent properties. Hoffman recommends it in pleurisy. Paracelus thinks that, when mixed with honey, it will lengthen life. A long list of authorities may be produced to show that rose leaves discreetly used are a perfect cure for hydrophobia. A spirit made or flavored with roses was the favorite cordial of Philip the Handsome, and was considered by Charlemagne as a specific against fainting from loss of blood in battle. A poultice of roses was long employed for flesh wounds, and roses preserved are still believed in many places to cure consumption and all diseases of the throat and lungs.

All trust is dangerous, if it is not entire; we ought on most occasions to speak all or conceal all. We have already too much disclosed our secrets to a man from whom we think any one single circumstance is to be concealed.

11th Annual Pic-Nic of the Patrons of Husbandry.

The 11th annual pic nic of the Patrons of Husbandry, of Centre County, will be held on NITTANY MOUNTAIN, near CENTRE HALL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18. Prof. S. B. HEIGAS, President Shippensburg State Normal School; HON. A. G. CURTIN, COL. V. E. PIOLET, and others will address the audience. Bands will be present to furnish music, and other entertainments will be given. Manufacturers and others are cheerfully accorded the privilege of the grounds for exhibition purposes, subject to the supervision of Com. of Arrangements.

All are cordially invited to attend.

Application for restaurant privileges must be made to the Chairman of Com. By order of County Grange.

L. NEFF, Chairman,
Centre Hall, Pa.

A LESSON IN POLITICAL ECONOMY

[Detroit Free Press.]

John C. Blanchard, of Iowa, called the turn," a few days ago on the great economic question of the time in this wise:

"Protection? Why of course I'm for protection. Havn't I got 5,000,000 feet of lumber at Sheridan? Isn't there a protective tariff of $2 a thousand on lumber? Isn't that $10,000 in my vest pocket?

"Now there's salt. I've no interest in salt, and I'm ready to have it let in duty free. But lumber! When you begin to talk no tariff on that, and I happen to be around, you'd better stand from under."

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At the last meeting of the Centre County Medical Society a committee was appointed to pay a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of DR. G. W. KLINE, deceased, late of Potters Mills, which submitted the following report:

Resolved, That by the death of DR. G. W. KLINE this society has lost a valuable member, and the profession a young physician who gave promise of a career of rare usefulness.

Resolved, That we deeply lament the early death of one whose virtues endeared him to a large circle of friends.

Resolved, That the members of this society tender to the family of the deceased their heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a member of this society be appointed by the President at the next regular meeting, to prepare a brief biographical sketch of the late DR. KLINE for publication in the "Transactions of the State Medical Society."

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this society, and a copy of them sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the county papers for publication.

J. Y. DALE,
WM. A. JACOBS,
C. S. MUSSER.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

JAS. R. Irwin, druggist, Curwinsville Pa., writes:

"J. L. McDonald—Dear Sir: Send us ½ gross of your Worm Powders—they give good satisfaction to our trade. Professionally I always recommend them, as I consider they embody to the utmost the principal and most desirable points in a vermifuge—smallness of dose easiness to take, compactness and elegance, while our steadily increasing sales attest their value as a worm destroyer and the satisfaction they give our trade."

Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded.

For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
3s2 Philadelphia Agents.

Who has not heard or been the recipient of benefits derived from using N. H. DOWNS' Elixir, a never failing remedy for diseases of throat, chest and lungs. None are too poor to get cured of all bilious diseases by the use of Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, as they only cost 25 cents per bottle. As a liniment for horses, Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, cures sprains, burises and lameness at once. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. sept

MARRIED.

On Thursday, 4th, at the home of the bride's uncle, near Howard, by Rev. Robt. Hamill, Mr. Wm. O. Stewart, of Howard, and Miss Ollie R. Holmes, of State College.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 9, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	55½	—62½
Wheat	"	76½	—85½
Oats	"	25½	— 33½
Pork	"	17.00	
Lard	"	7.10	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	8 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 15; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 16 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
26dartf

MULTUM IN PARVO.

McDonald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative is the most highly concentrated, most harmoniously and skilfully combined of all the blood medicines offered the public. Many certificates from well known and worthy persons could be furnished to substantiate the great virtues claimed for this great medicine, but the manufacturer prefers simply to say any purchaser feeling the benefit derived from the use of a bottle not equivalent to the 75 cents invested in the purchase can have their money returned.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
3sept2 Philadelphia Agents.

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

In buying a silver watch case great care should be taken to secure one that is solid silver throughout. The cap of most cheap silver cases is made of a composition known as albata, which is a very poor substitute for silver, as it turns black in a short time. The backs of such cases are made much thinner than those of an all silver case, being robbed in order to make the cap thicker and get in as much as possible of the cheap metal. Another important point in a silver case is the joints or hinges, which should be made of gold. Those of most cheap cases are made of silver, which is not a suitable metal for that purpose. In a brief period it warps, bends and spreads apart, allowing the backs to become loose upon the case and admitting the dust and dirt that accummulate in the pocket. The Keystone Silver Watch Cases are only made with silver caps and gold joints.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 17, 1883.

In our long and varied experience in handling watches, we cannot but acknowledge and give our testimony that the Keystone Solid Silver Watch Cases are the best made to our knowledge. Having no soldering they remain homogeneous, harder and *stiffer* than they would be were they heated for soldering, and have more resisting power against pressure than any other cases in the market. MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made. 5

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The Partnership heretofore existing between Dr. W. A. Jacobs and Dr. G. P. Rishel, from Jan. 14, 1884, has been dissolved this day by mutual consent.

W. A. JACOBS,
27 3t G. P. RISHEL.
August 25, 1884.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Catharine Lingle, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against same to present the them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN D. DECKER,
27aug6t Potters Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letter of administration upon the estate of Jonas Boal late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

LEVI STUMP, Adm'r.,
20aug6t Tusseyville, Penn'a.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Letters of administration upon the estate of Dr. G. W. Kline, late of Potter township, dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN KLINE, Adm'r,
20aug6t Bellefonte, Penn'a.

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Blaine** By Wm. Ralston Balch, assisted by the distinguished candidate himself. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Republican party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; free trade; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Logan.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once. THAYER, MERRIAM & Co.,
6 ug9t 833 Arch St., Philad'a

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a very desirable home for sale, on the old Lewistown road, two miles west of Centre Hall. There are 36 acres of land, with good buildings, choice fruit, and excellent water. Terms reasonable.

WM. HORNER,
6aug6t Centre Hall, Pa.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having arefrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to holel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—A complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated; postage paid for 10 two-cent stamps. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. Address, NUNDA PUBLISHING CO., Nunda, N. Y. 6aug6m

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1108 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 22aprém

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,
7may5m Spring Mills, Pa.

Any Housekeeper who sends at once the names of 5 married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, will receive free for one entire year, a handsome, entertaining and instructive Domestic Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating, Shopping, Cooking and Household matters. Best paper published for Ladies. Every housekeeper wants it. Regular price, $1.00. Must send now! Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL,
6aug3m Nunda, New York.

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL

Cures headaches, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c.

Unequalled in quality at half the price. 6 oz. 25 cts. Pints (16 oz.) 50 cts. Quarts $1 per bottle.

RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Valuable in the cure of ulceration and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and urethra, strangury, gravel, gleet, ghonorrhoea, leucorrhoea or whites, dropsy, pain in back, loins, &c., $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. C. F. RISLEY,
3sep6mos 64 Courtland St., New York.

CAUTION.—My wife, Jane A. Rishel, having left my bed and board since June 13, 1884, without any cause, all persons are hereby notified that I will pay no bills whatever contracted by her hereafter. 3s3t ANDREW J. RISHEL.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,
27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale by virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp, three miles east of Centre Hall, Saturday, October 4, '84, at 1 o'clock, the following real estate: A valuable farm containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measurement, in Gregg twp., bounded on east by lands of J. P. Grove, on south by lands of Mitchell heirs, on west and on north by land of Mitchell heirs; thereon erected a two story dwelling house, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, orchard of choice fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 Acres of timber.

Also a tract of mountain land within ½ mile of the above described tract, bounded on south by land of E. Dashamer, on east by land of J. B. Bean and on west by land of James Grove, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, timber land with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut-oak, etc.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.